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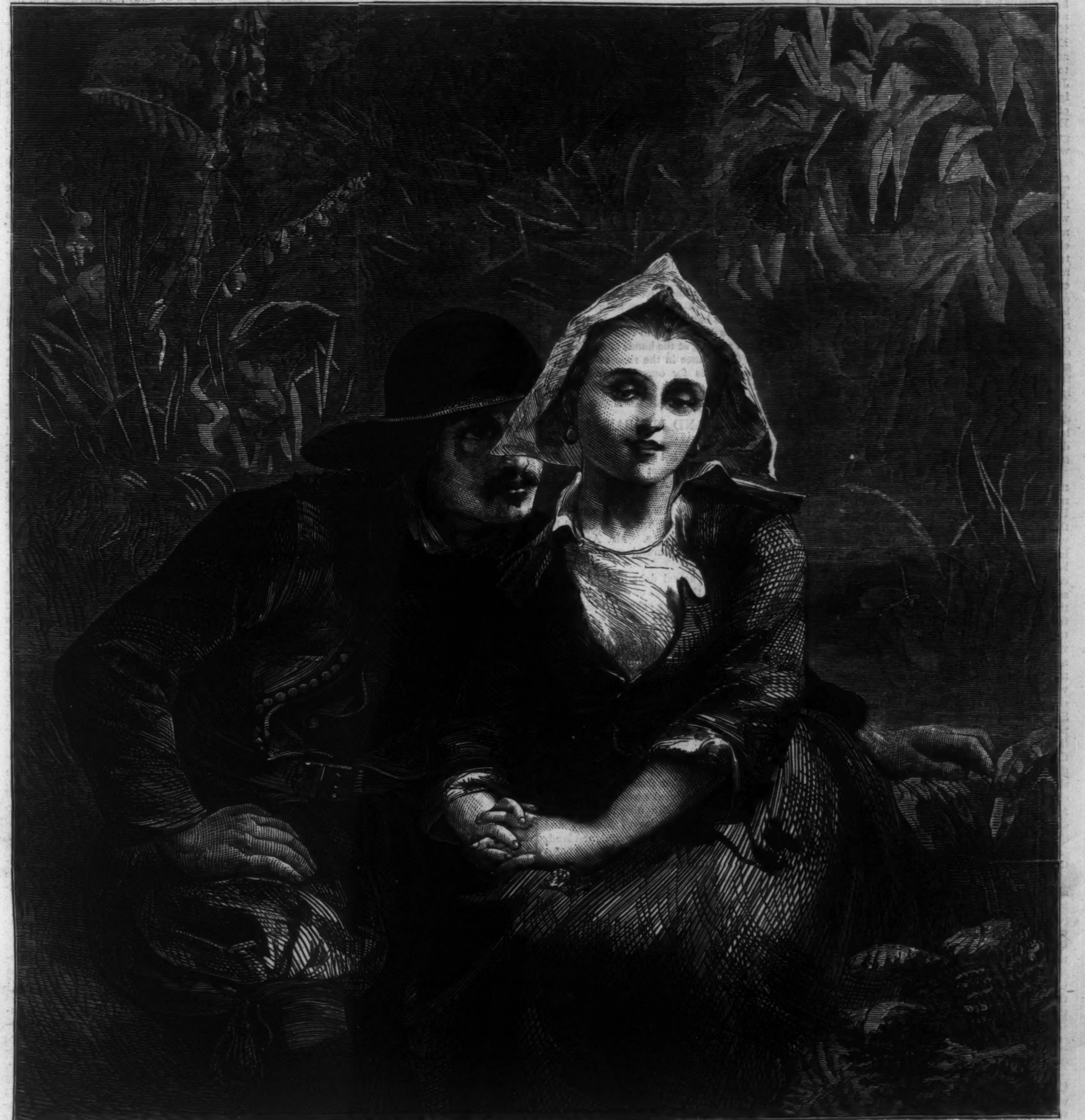
THE DECLARATION.

SOME facetious writer on the tender passion has demonstrated by what he announces to be actual calculation that no two men ever told their love precisely in like manner, and he argues from that calculation that the art of love-making can not be taught save by experience, and generally *sad* experience at that. Those who have had large experience in that way confirm the writer's opinion, if not his calculation, and it is more than probable that he is right, so very different are the circumstances and sensations in and under which the delicate subject is approached. All animate and inanimate nature, from domestic cats to wild flowers, polished diamonds to uncouth mineral collections, have done duty in "leading" to a declaration. The romantic-looking youth in Mr. GOODALL's picture on this page has evidently made good use of the wild flower medium.

It is a little curious, too, to observe how differently the poets approach the same topic. The "immortal WILLIAMS" is always stately and delicate; MILTON stately, too, but cold; POPE always warm and imaginative; MOORE invariably impassioned; and BYRON a little too ardent. And the artists are also of different minds on this highly important subject, and no two of them paint



"THE DECLARATION."—[FROM A PAINTING BY F. GOODALL.]

Love exactly alike. But still the universal passion is alike in all climes and countries, and the "old, old story" which our picture tells is the same in substance, if not in treatment, all the wide universe over. Undoubtedly so universal a passion, thus generally adopted and accepted, must be good to *own;* and with this sage conclusion we commend our picture and the world's experience (*not* our own) to our readers, and advise them in all love and kindness to "go and do likewise"—that is, like the wise man in the illustration.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 26, 1868.

CONCILIATION.

MR. PENDLETON and the other Democratic orators continually preach conciliation. They proclaim that the success of Seymour and Blair will be a true millennium. It will be the dayspring of peace and good-will. Indeed, the Reverend Chadband himself could not more unctuously set forth the blessedness of forgiveness than these gentlemen.

Now, magnanimity in public affairs is not only good, but it is politic. A government which emerges victorious from a domestic struggle commits the greatest of blunders if it adopts a vindictive policy toward its opponents, or even if it proceeds to full legal extremities. When England suppressed the Jacobite risings in 1715 and 1745 the Government put some of the chiefs to death. But it was not sound policy. When Jefferson Davis was captured in the most ignominious plight many Englishmen said that of course he would be hung. One eminent Englishman remarked that there was not a government in Europe, England included, that would not hang him.

The Republican party controlling the Government of the United States were much wiser. They have not shed the blood of a single rebel in vengeance, nor confiscated one estate. There was never so great and victorious a party so humane and just and wise. If the defeated rebels were, as they claimed, of another "country," they surely could not expect to be treated as citizens of this. If they were not of another country, but traitors baffled in an attempt to overthrow the Government, they were liable to be hung. But the United States authorities, rejecting all thought of punishment for the past, considered only how to secure the future. They said: "Some of the leaders must, as an obvious guarantee of good order, be for the present disfranchised; for the rest, every body shall equally share political power." And even this they did not say until those leaders had haughtily defied them. The magnanimity of this policy lay in its unprecedented moderation; its wisdom was shown in the creation of a loyal constituency.

Now what is the conciliation which Mr. Pendleton and the other orators propose? It is not a new demand with them. When Wade Hampton and Forrest and Lee were at the throat of the nation, these same gentlemen advised conciliation by submitting to the rebellion. Now that Forrest and Hampton have been defeated in the field and hope to save their cause at the polls, these gentlemen advise the same conciliation by surrender. In other words, they insist that Forrest, Hampton, and their friends shall have political power in their States to the exclusion of loyal men. Mr. Pendleton is in favor of the conciliation of black codes and the good-will of the Ku-Klux Klan. The millennium which he mellifluously predicts reveals itself in Georgia by the expulsion of the colored members; in South Carolina and other States by the alternative offered to the colored population of submitting to their own degradation or starvation; in the country at large by the demand of the candidate whom he supports that the organization of the Southern States shall be overturned by the sword. The conciliation preached by such apostles as Mr. Pendleton and Mr. Cox is such as has become dismally familiar to the people of the United States—it is letting the most troublesome, spiteful, and dangerous people in the country have their own way.

Against these apostles of a peace bought by abject submission of the moral conviction and intelligence of the country to its ignorance and passion and baffled hate, the Republican party proclaims the conciliation of common-sense, the good-will of justice, the peace founded upon the only possible corner-stone of enduring peace in a free country—equal rights. There stand Grant and the Republicans. There standing they have conquered once, and there standing they will conquer forever.

AN ELOQUENT APPEAL.

The reply of the colored citizens of South Carolina to the insolent Democratic address which told them they might choose between voting for Seymour and Blair and starvation is one of the most admirable documents of the campaign. Contrasted with the speeches of Wade Hampton, Cobb, Semmes, Toombs, and the other Southern Democratic leaders, with the articles in the Southern Democratic papers, and the action of the Georgia Legislature, it is wisdom beside folly. But, apart from its excellent temper and its unanswerable argument, it contains a vivid picture of the proposed Democratic policy toward that part of the population of the United States for which it speaks. And that every Northern voter may understand what kind of peace is to be expected when Mr. Frank Blair's policy of overthrowing the Southern governments by the sword is carried out, let him remark this extract from the reply of which we speak:

"When your Legislature met in 1865–66 you passed that infamous black code which is a disgrace to civilization. In that you denied us all rights in common with other people in the State; you by these acts denied our children the school-house; you imposed penalties upon us which were not imposed on white men; there were crimes for which, if committed by a white man, he was imprisoned, but if committed by a black man he was hung. We submit to you whether that course was not enough to make us disbelieve every protestation of love which you make. Your laws provided for taking and binding out our children, and subjecting us to all manner of disabilities. We could not pursue any trade or calling in this State without a written permission from some white man; we could not sell any article of barter without the consent first obtained from some magistrate."

After declaring that such a policy necessarily alienated the sympathy of the new voters, and that if the Democratic leaders had accepted in good faith the proposed reconstruction, they would have polled a hundred thousand colored votes for Southern instead of Northern white men for office, the address pertinently asks, "Can you ask us to sustain a party which is pledged to divest us of all the privileges in law which we now enjoy?" And in a strain which will find the most sincere response in every generous and manly American heart, the address concludes: "If we are to be massacred because we refuse to vote the Democratic ticket; if we are to be murdered in cold blood because we will not sell our manhood, then let it come; we can die but once. and if, as you state, thirty millions of white men are going to fall upon four millions because they are black, and will not vote for Horatio Seymour and F. P. Blair for President and Vice-President of the United States, both of whom have declared that the negroes have no right to vote, then we are prepared to die, but not to vote to be killed. ……We ask nothing at the hands of our fellow-man but a fair chance in the race of life, and equal opportunities for ourselves, our wives, and our children. We ask no more."

THE DEBT AND ITS PAYMENT.

The Democratic misrepresentations of the actual financial condition of the country have been once more, and most conclusively, exposed by Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, in a speech at the Republican State Convention in Massachusetts. His statements are very clear, and are founded upon data furnished by the Hon. David A. Wells. Mr. Atkinson himself is known as a careful student of all financial questions.

First, as to the actual debt in 1865. The sum entered upon the books of the Treasury on the first of August of that year, and published as the whole debt was $2,757,689,571. But this was not the real total. There was a further liability by which the Government was as much bound as if the bonds had been already issued. This was for back pay, for the pay of the troops to the time of their possible discharge, for their transportation, and for the settlement of contracts. This liability brought the true debt at that time to $3,287,733,329, of which, since that date, the Republican party has paid more than $800,000,000.

The revenue, meanwhile, from April 1, 1865, to June 30, 1868, has been from customs $548,978,848, from the internal revenue $812,336,278, miscellaneous, chiefly direct taxes, premium upon gold, and sales of military and naval stores and captured and abandoned land, $178,743,769, making altogether $1,540,058,583. How has this sum, equal to three-fifths the amount of the present debt, been spent?

In April, 1865, the military and naval forces of the Union were enormous and most efficient. There were nearly a million of men in active service, and preparations for vigorous war had been made. Suddenly the armed rebellion ended. The Government could not at once dismiss its soldiers and sailors, turn off the wounded and disabled to shift for themselves, and repudiate its promise to those who had contracted to build ships and had them half finished, or those who had engaged to furnish food, clothing, and ordnance. Yet the credit of the Government was very low. On the 1st of April, 1865, there were overdue more than $120,000,000; and large payments of what were strictly war expenses were carried over into the year after the war. Within fifteen months from April 1, 1865, the disbursements of the Army and Navy Departments were $774,865,851, and not less than $400,000,000 of this sum was for expenses incurred and accounts rendered from three to twelve months before the end of hostilities. The rest of the whole amount was made up of pay of the army, prize-money, commissary and quarter-masters' accounts, bounties, arrears, and medical department. This was in every sense a war expenditure; and to this might be added pensions, equalization of bounties, reimbursement of States, and claims of loyal men, etc., amounting to $145,912,401. And this, added to the sum upon the books of the Treasury, makes the maximum of the war debt $3,287,733,329. The net debt on the 30th June, 1868, was $2,485,000,000, showing that we have already paid off $802,733,329, being a payment in three years of such peace as we have had of a quarter of the whole war debt. But we have also paid the interest on the war debt for that time to the amount of $438,484,883; and these sums, deducted from the revenue of that time already mentioned, and about whose disposition Mr. Horatio Seymour and his friends are so anxious, leave the ordinary expenses at $298,840,371, or a little less than $92,000,000 a year. Those of the last Democratic fiscal year under James Buchanan, computed in the same currency, were $107,577,400—and that money was largely used to arm and equip the rebel States against the Government.

Mr. Atkinson justly claims that this exposition shows that the Republican party have managed the finances with a success hitherto unprecedented. His statements of the present situation are worthy the most thoughtful attention. The taxation has been reduced $167,000,000, and when Mr. Pendleton says that they amount to $500,000,000 a year he says what he might know to be untrue. Moreover, taxation at the present rate of $8 60 per head will pay our debt before the end of the year 1884. Immigration is constant. The increase since the war gives $63,000,000 directly and $900,000,000 indirectly to our resources. Industry is multiplying; railroads extending; agriculture improving; even in its present condition the Southern States grow their own food, and during the last year a crop of 3,000,000 bales of cotton, tobacco enough to be one of the chief dependencies of taxation, and rice enough to supply the home market for the year. With Grant and assured peace and consequent investment of capital and quickened production, the result may be easily foreseen.

The country is greatly indebted to the misrepresentation of the Democratic leaders for the lucid and conclusive statements of Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Fessenden. And there is not an honest man in the land, however heavily pressed by the taxation which the rebellion of the Southern Democratic party has imposed upon us all, who does not ask the Democratic orators who paint the horrors of taxation, "And how will your policy of civil war lighten the taxes?"

THE DROUGHT IN ENGLAND.

The extent of this visitation may now be estimated with tolerable certainty, though it is very evident that those who are obliged to make large purchases from others are disposed to produce as favorable impressions as possible of their own crops. Making allowance for this tendency—due in part to the political situation, which is far from being comfortable—and we can understand why it is that, notwithstanding the admitted damage to all the other products of the soil in England, and especially to all the spring crops, it is claimed that wheat, composed of both winter and spring wheat, is beyond an average. The *Daily News* stated that the political importance of a good crop can not be overestimated; and we may suppose that if financial and political considerations coincide in restricting the press from admissions that would be injurious, that great caution at least will be used. Mr. Sanderson's letter with respect to the crops, which was published extensively in the newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic, claimed that about 100,000 more acres of land had been devoted this year to wheat than usual, and he estimated the average yield at 34 bushels per acre, although about 26½ bushels was the accepted average estimate as late as 1860. The London *Mail* questions the accuracy of Mr. Sanderson's views, as they were based on the production of winter wheat on deep soils, and did not purport to furnish any reliable data with respect to considerable districts in which the soils are light. Mr. Sanderson omitted also to take into view the effect of the drought on spring wheat, which shared in the injury inflicted on spring crops generally. From the most reliable intelligence within our reach we judge that the wheat crop is below the average production; and it is now conceded, inasmuch as other crops are deficient, and as bread is called upon to supply the place of vegetables, that whatever may be the extent of the wheat crop, the price of wheat at London and Liverpool *will depend mainly on what may be imported from other markets.* This we have contended for as one of the results of the drought; but we are inclined to the opinion that England has reached the condition when the price of this grain will be determined hereafter mainly by the price in foreign markets. Russia, our most important competitor, will have less wheat to sell this year than usual, the drought having extended along the Baltic and the Black Sea, and exposed large districts to serious fires. Spain has followed France in opening her ports to the admission of the cereals; and it is probable that Dantzic, which sends wheat to Great Britain of a very superior quality, will not have her usual supplies, owing in part to the same general cause.

The old stock of grain is found to be low in all parts of the world, and hence the new crop every where will be in demand at remunerative prices, as soon as the situation becomes widely known. As this grain is transported with more advantage than any other, the law seems to be quite general to grow it in new countries from year to year under a plan of cultivation which exhausts the soil of its wheat-bearing qualities, and thus it happens that its production scarcely keeps pace with the growth of population. England enjoys the great merit of enriching her lands and of adding, by judicious cultivation, to what they produce per acre; but in the United States a plan of rapid and serious exhaustion is pursued, which will ultimately tell upon our prosperity. We shall have a large surplus to export; but it should be the policy of our farmers to hoard a part of every year's production until the succeeding crop is assured. It constitutes wealth which can not in that form take wings and fly away; which does not, like our bonds and money, tempt the cupidity of robbers, and the precaution may prevent very ill effects.

We notice in the Manchester *Guardian* a communication from a very intelligent correspondent, who affirms that the late potatoes in his own grounds and those of his neighbors are "no larger than sparrow's eggs," and that after the rains which occurred on the eleventh and twelfth of August these small tubers had begun to sprout. He estimates the potato crop of ordinary years as second only to wheat, and is evidently disturbed at the prospect. A riot was occasioned in Cork on the 31st of August in consequence of the operations of one Martin, who had carried up the price of potatoes from 6*d.* per 21 pounds to 1*s.* for this quantity. After those rains—which are spoken of as having terminated the drought—there was a very general sowing of turnips to take the place of those destroyed by the drought; but it appeared that a week had passed in some districts without rain, and although the belief was expressed that turnips would grow sufficiently to afford food for sheep, there was some apprehension as to the result. The growth of grass for the fortnight preceding the 31st of August had changed the color of all pastures, and afforded, as is said, "a nibble for sheep and cattle."

Those agricultural laborers whose main reliance is upon the potato will undoubtedly consume Indian corn, which is received in England from the Black Sea, from Egypt, and this country. Supplies are now going in from the Black Sea sufficient to check the advance in this market for the present, although it is held at about $1 21 to $1 22 for Mixed Western, which is the kind commonly exported. One of our contemporaries lately stated that in the time of the potato famine in 1846–47 Indian corn was sent to Ireland, and rejected as an article of food. Since that time it has constantly gone forward, and as the modes of cooking it into bread, cakes, and mush have become disseminated it has become a regular necessity. In 1866, 9,889,232 bushels, and, in 1867, 12,197,164 bushels of corn were exported by us to Great Britain—a quantity that will be largely exceeded by this year's export.

Since our first articles were written on the subject of the drought a considerable advance has taken place in the Liverpool market in various of our productions. It has been considerable in bacon, lard, tallow, clover seed, oilcake, and cheese; much to the advantage of the United States; and we look upon it as certain that the estimates made by the English press, that wheat would fall to about 55*s.* per quarter, based ostensibly on the extent of their own crop, but actually on their power over foreign markets, will not be sustained. The *Mark Lane Express* of August 31 says significantly that "to run down prices is to produce a false confidence, and authorize a wasteful expenditure." There will unquestionably be a large demand upon our productions, and consequently an active trade.

HOW THE ENEMY WORK.

"The Tarboro *Southerner,*" a North Carolina paper, speaking of certain officers for the town appointed by Governor Holden, says: "So far as the individual capacity and fitness of these gentlemen are concerned the community generally can have no cause of complaint, and their appointment gives as much satisfaction as could be the case with any emanating from such a source." It then adds, that being appointed by Governor Holden they must be presumed to be supporters of Grant; that continued silence will be an acknowledgment of that fact; and that the people of the town will "bestow their trade and patronage" accordingly.

General Lawler, a wealthy planter and commission merchant in Alabama, following the advice of Wade Hampton, announces that he will employ no man "who is his enemy."

Mr. A. T. Stewart is one of the Grant electors for the State of New York. Suppose that he should declare that he would employ no man who would not vote for Grant. Suppose this practice should become universal in this country. It would soon be a government of capitalists only.

Meanwhile such facts show both the spirit and the method of what is truly called the rebel Democracy, and should put every loyal man upon his guard.

MAINE.

Maine joins Vermont in setting the tune for the great chorus of Grant and Peace, Colfax and Honesty, which will rise exultingly upon all sides in November. The result of the election, after the most searching and thorough canvass upon both sides, not only shows that Maine is steady, but that the heart of the country is true to the principles for which it so lately terribly fought and suffered. The most skillful efforts of the most specious Democratic orators have not availed to confuse the mind of the people of Maine. When Mr. Pendleton told them that they were horribly burdened with taxes, their good sense answered, "Who occasioned them?" When Mr. Cox showed them their deserted wharves, the same good sense replied, "Who sent Semmes to sea?" When Mr. James Brooks decried the subjection of the Southern whites to the blacks, the same good sense asked, "Is it the blacks who coerce Wade Hampton or Wade Hampton who coerces the blacks?" They did not deny the pressure of taxation, nor the interruption of trade, nor the confusion at the South, but when they were asked who are the authors of all this misfortune they came straight to the polls on Monday, and unmistakably answered.

The result must be taken as an indication that the people fully comprehend the emergency, and see that Grant and Colfax, with all loyal men supporting them, and not Seymour and Blair, with the Ku-Klux Klan, are the representatives of a true peace and a lasting prosperity. From this day forward, therefore, thanking God for the steadfastness of Maine and Vermont, let us work more vigilantly than ever, that the victory may not only be sure, but conclusive.

AN APOSTLE OF PUBLIC ECONOMY.

Mr. Hoffman, the Democratic candidate for Governor of New York, is stumping the State. When a candidate has the gift of oratory this is a very proper and useful thing for him to do. He becomes personally known to the voters; he sees the State which he hopes to be called to govern, and he can make himself familiar with its advantages and resources; and, not to put too fine a point upon it, the people, on their part, have an opportunity of taking the measure of the man who is a candidate for its highest executive office. In his little tour through the State we observe that Mr. Hoffman has much to say of enormous taxation, of the virtues of economy, and kindred topics always welcome to a tax-paying people. But while Mr. Hoffman freely denounces the extravagance and corruption of the Republican party we do not remark that he illustrates his views by very copious citations of the economy of the Democrats when in power, and especially he seems to refrain from obtruding his personal experience, or even participation, in that economy upon the attention of his audiences. Probably his modesty forbids. But Mr. Hoffman must not let his modesty harm him. Let him conquer his natural reluctance and speak out.

Thus, when he has closed a fine period upon economy and the waste of the people's money, let him say: "I, for instance, gentlemen, am Mayor of New York. For that office I receive a salary of $7500. I also sign the ordinances of the Board of Supervisors. For that little service I am paid $5000 more. Then, as a Commissioner of the Sinking Fund, I draw $1000 more. I know where the people's money goes, and I hope that I have a right to talk of economy and shameful waste." But Mr. Hoffman is also Grand Sachem of Tammany, and an active partner of what the Democratic delegate from Kings County, Mr. Morris, calls the Tammany Ring. Mr. Hoffman's friend and partner in this enterprising association, Mr. Peter B. Sweeny, receives as City Chamberlain $10,000. For paying over the State taxes $2000 more. As a fellow-Commissioner of the Sinking Fund he is paid $1000 more; and as County Treasurer, the excellent Mr. Sweeny, to whom Republican extravagance is extremely obnoxious, pockets $10,000 more. Has not Mr. Hoffman peculiar reason to know about lavish expenditures and horrible extravagance?

But not content with calling the Grand Sachem of Tammany and his partners in the promotion of public economy a Ring, Mr. Morris, without the least regard to the finer feelings of Sachems and City Chamberlains, asks: "Suppose the Tammany clique, with its unfinished Court-house [a monument of Mr. Hoffman's Democratic economy], and its thousand other schemes of robbery and plunder, controlled the political power of the State or nation [by electing Mr. Grand Sachem Hoffman Governor, for instance], with what face could any honest man talk about corruption in the opposition party?" The reply is evident: with the face of Mr. Grand Sachem Hoffman.

Modesty forbids Mr. Hoffman to declare that he, the candidate of a party which, by his lips, so lustily denounces corruption, and shouts aloud for economy, is the very head of the most enormous system of public corruption and extravagance in the country—so vast, indeed, as to provoke indignant exposure from his own political friends. The modesty of representing Jefferson Davis as an apostle of loyalty to the Union is only surpassed by that of the Grand Sachem of Tammany in presenting himself as the apostle of economy and retrenchment.

THE EXPULSION OF THE GEORGIA MEMBERS.

The facts of the expulsion of the colored members of the Georgia Legislature are simple, and deserve grave consideration. The old slave code of Georgia made a citizen ineligible to office upon seven grounds, of which color was not one. But it provided tha one-eighth of negro or African blood should deprive a man of the rights of citizenship. The new Constitution of Georgia, under which this Legislature sits and acts, abolishes the whole of the old slave code which is inconsistent with the Constitution and laws of the United States and the Constitution of the State. The fourteenth amendment makes the native or naturalized colored person a citizen, and forbids any State to abridge the privileges or immunities of the citizens of the United States. The State Constitution substantially repeats this provision. In the Convention that framed it the proposition was distinctly presented that "white men only shall be eligible to any office of trust, honor, or profit," and it was summarily rejected by a vote of 103 to 19. The only condition of eligibility for election as a member of the Legislature prescribed by the Convention was that the candidate should be a "loyal citizen."

There is no question that the expelled members were thus qualified, and they have been removed only because the Constitution did not expressly make them eligible—an argument which would unseat every white member. They were expelled because of an assumption, for no proof was offered, of ineligibility under a code which has been abolished; and they were deprived of their votes before they were unseated. This action was managed by Robert Toombs and other Democratic leaders. It is a gross and significant outrage, for a representative could be as lawfully expelled for age or weight as for color. But let every voter remember this is the kind of peace which the Democratic party proposes. The will of Robert Toombs is to be the law of Georgia, if the party can make it so. His will was the law for a dozen years before 1860, and we have seen the kind of peace it produced.

An event so monstrous as this expulsion will do more to teach the colored population the value of Democratic protestations than a thousand arguments; and it reveals the spirit and purpose of the Southern Democratic leaders as plainly as an act of secession.

A DEMOCRATIC LEADER.

Among the Democratic leaders who vigorously denounce General Grant and Republican corruption is Howell Cobb, of Georgia. This gentleman was once Democratic Speaker of the House of Representatives; then Mr. Buchanan's Secretary of the Treasury, and while in that office was one of the chief rebel conspirators. Subsequently he was a Brigadier-General, without distinction, in the rebel army, and now he is one of the most foul-mouthed slanderers of loyal men, and an active supporter of Seymour and Blair.

When this patriotic individual was Secretary of the Treasury, and already an active conspirator, he came to the city of New York with a large quantity of United States securities in blank. "After slandering the stocks," says Mr. Spinner, the Treasurer of the United States, "traducing the credit of the Government, and announcing his opinion that they would never be paid but that he must have the money for them at any rate, he offered them on the market and filled up the interest blanks at such rate as his political friends chose to ask him to insert." This was the famous twelve per cent. per annum loan; and Mr. Spinner says that most of these securities were paid in gold with the exorbitant interest added, after the war had begun, and when, notwithstanding the war, the Government was obtaining loans at 6 per cent. per annum.

Just before this transaction Mr. Secretary Howell Cobb had used the money in the Treasury, intended to pay the current expenses of the Government, in buying up *six per cent.* bonds of the United States with many years yet to run at twenty per cent. above their par value. That is, he bought immatured six per cent. stocks at 120; and immediately, in profound peace and when money was abundant, sold securities at par and stipulated to pay at the end of one year 112.

This, as the intelligent reader perceives, was "chivalry," "honor,' and "high-toned, gentlemanly statesmanship." It was part of the rebellion. It was skillfully intended to ruin the credit of the Government, so as to make secession easy and sure. Is it any wonder that Howell Cobb warmly advocates Seymour and repudiation now, hoping to ruin the credit of the Government which he and his fellow-conspirators have not yet been able to destroy, and so to paralyze all its action against future trouble of the same kind?

Howell Cobb is a fair illustration of the Democratic leaders who denounce Republican extravagance and corruption. Is this a man whose counsels are likely to promote the peace or maintain the honor and power of the Union?

TAXING THE BONDS.

In a late speech Mr. Sanford E. Church, for whom, in the Democratic Convention, Mr. Tilden cast the vote of New York, while he was engaged in preparing the famous "*coup-de-thimble-rig*," asked why the Government does not tax the bonds? The reason seems to be evident enough. The Committee of Ways and Means in Congress, when they were instructed to report a bill levying a tax of ten per cent. upon the bonds, conclusively answered Mr. Church's question, by saying that such a law would simply be a provision to pay ten per cent. less than was agreed for, and the result would be that the Government could never again raise money except upon the most ruinous terms. For who would lend to a man who might compute the amount of the loan as he pleased? Taxation is repudiation to the amount of the tax. There can be nothing plainer. Consequently no Government has ever taxed its own stocks, or permitted them to be taxed by any authority under its control.

Mr. Church has been Controller of the State, was chairman of the committee upon the financial article in the late Constitutional Convention, and has been called, with the fatal facility of the Democratic papers in speaking of their politicians, a "statesman." Having asked why the Government does not tax its own bonds, he answered his question in this manner: "Why, because this Radical party, which started out with the inscription upon its banner, 'Free soil, free men, and free speech,' have become so degraded as to be now the mere bottle-holders of the bond-holders. That is the reason they have not done it."

This is wholly unworthy of Mr. Church, and certainly showed his profound contempt for his audience. It is such talk as this which justifies the remark of the Treasurer of the United States, that "the Democratic demagogues are educating the people to ignorance and rascality."

THE PRESIDENT'S PREFERENCE.

When General Grant was lately in Chicago, he was asked by a friend whether Johnson was for him or for Seymour. Grant smiled and replied: "Well, I reckon that when he thinks of Seymour he's for me, and when he thinks of me he's for Seymour."

INTERESTING.

"It is interesting," says a Democratic paper, "to observe how the military supporters of Grant one by one turn out to have been cruel and bad men." Sherman, for instance, and Thomas, and Sheridan, and Meade.

It is equally interesting, on the other hand, to see how the military supporters of Seymour turn out to have been humane and patriotic men. Forrest, for instance, and Raphael Semmes, and Howell Cobb. And had they but lived, Quantrell and Wirz would have been added to the number.

WHICH IS THE CONSERVATIVE?

Wade Hampton says that the cause of the late rebellion is not lost, that reconstruction by Congress is revolutionary and void, and should be overturned by the sword. John H. Reagan, of Texas, the Postmaster-General of the Rebel Confederacy, says: "The duty of the Southerners is to obey the laws; accept the situation with regard to suffrage as it now stands; and, like true and honest men, to labor for the restoration of peace and harmony between the sections." Which is the conservative of these two men, and which course is the way of peace?

"NO VIOLENCE; NO SCURRILITY."

The New York *World* must look to its laurels. One of its disciples says in its own favorite strain of "dignity and candor:"

> "Rip Van Winkle, waking up from his nap of twenty years, if his eyes had beheld such a sight as is presented by this mongrel, carpet-bagging, and scallawagging party, with the Butcher Grant as its leader, would have closed his eyes and implored the god of sleep for another lease of twenty years, to escape the hideous ravings of these vampires."

SOUND DOCTRINE.

A Democratic paper in Talladega, Alabama, begins an article by saying: "Personal and political liberty are both necessary to develop the highest style of man." The article continues: "Those who would elevate the negro from his proper level are but a few steps, if any, in advance of him."

"It is hard to convey to others," said the old preacher, "ideas which we ourselves are not possessed of, for in so doing we are apt to communicate opinions which it is very difficult to eradicate them."

LIKE LIKES LIKE.

The New York *World* lately called General Grant "Grant, the Great American Barkis, or dumb-waiter,' and in the same issue alluded to General Lee as "this grand old soldier." The next day it remarked that "the Democratic speakers treat General Grant with marked courtesy and forbearance." Considering that the "Great American Barkis" forced "this grand old soldier" to surrender, and brought the rebellion to an end, it is very generous on the Democratic speakers to treat him with forbearance.

WARMTH AND VENTILATION IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The annual Report of Mr. James L. Miller, Superintendent of Buildings and Repairs to the Board of Education, is this year peculiarly interesting. We are glad to see that at length those who have the charge of public instruction are awake to the importance of the proper warming and ventilation of school buildings. Mr. Miller was, by past experience as a builder, well qualified to supply the improvements which were so much needed, and his Report shows that the summer vacation has been well occupied in this all-important work. But this time has been too limited to meet all the necessities of our public schools. Let the work go on. We should have new buildings on improved plans; and those which we already have should be so modified as to give the thousands of pupils who attend our schools sufficient warmth and at the same time a fresh and healthy atmosphere.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MAINE ELECTION.

The Maine election took place on September 14, and, after the hardest contested canvass since 1863, the Republican candidate for Governor was elected by about 20,000 majority—a gain of above 8000 over the majority of 1867, when the issues involved and candidates on both tickets were the same. It is about the same as the vote for President in 1864; and this result is indicative of a much larger gain in November next. The following table shows the Republican majorities in the State since the close of the war:

1865.	Republican	majority	....	22,821
1866.	"	"	....	27,690
1867.	"	"	....	11,342
1868.	"	"	about	20,000

The Republicans have gained two State Senators, the Democrats having only two votes in that body. The Congressional delegation is wholly Republican; and in every way the rule of the Republicans has been strengthened.

NEWS ITEMS.

The next State elections preceding the Presidential election will be held in the following States:

Nebraska.....	Oct.	6,	Rep.	maj.	1866......	145
Ohio...........	"	13,	"	"	1867......	2,983
Indiana........	"	13,	"	"	1866......	14,202
Pennsylvania.	"	13,	Dem.	"	1867......	22
Iowa	"	13,	Rep.	"	1867......	31,909
W. Virginia...	"	22,	"	"	1866......	6,644

Boston thinks of sending female physicians to China. Fung and Teh both favor the project, as according to Chinese custom when an empress is sick the doctor is not admitted to her presence, but sits outside the door, and examines her pulse by holding a string attached to her body. A Boston female, it is supposed, would be readily admitted to her bedside.

The Midnight Mission Society of New York, for reclaiming fallen women, reports that from May 1 to September 1, seventy-seven women were received into the house; forty-six abandoned street-life, fourteen of them getting good, honest situations; and twenty-two returned to the pave.

Several outrages on negroes are reported from Kentucky. A party of whites, while attacking the negroes in Versailles, were attacked in turn by the citizens, who organized and drove them away.

Five millions of dollars are annually expended in private and public charities in New York State. The expenditure needs organizing, as the loose manner of conducting it encourages pauperism.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Episcopal Archbishop of Armagh says that the disestablishment of the Irish Church will render Ireland a separate State. This is an instance in which *opposition* to the wish is father to the thought.

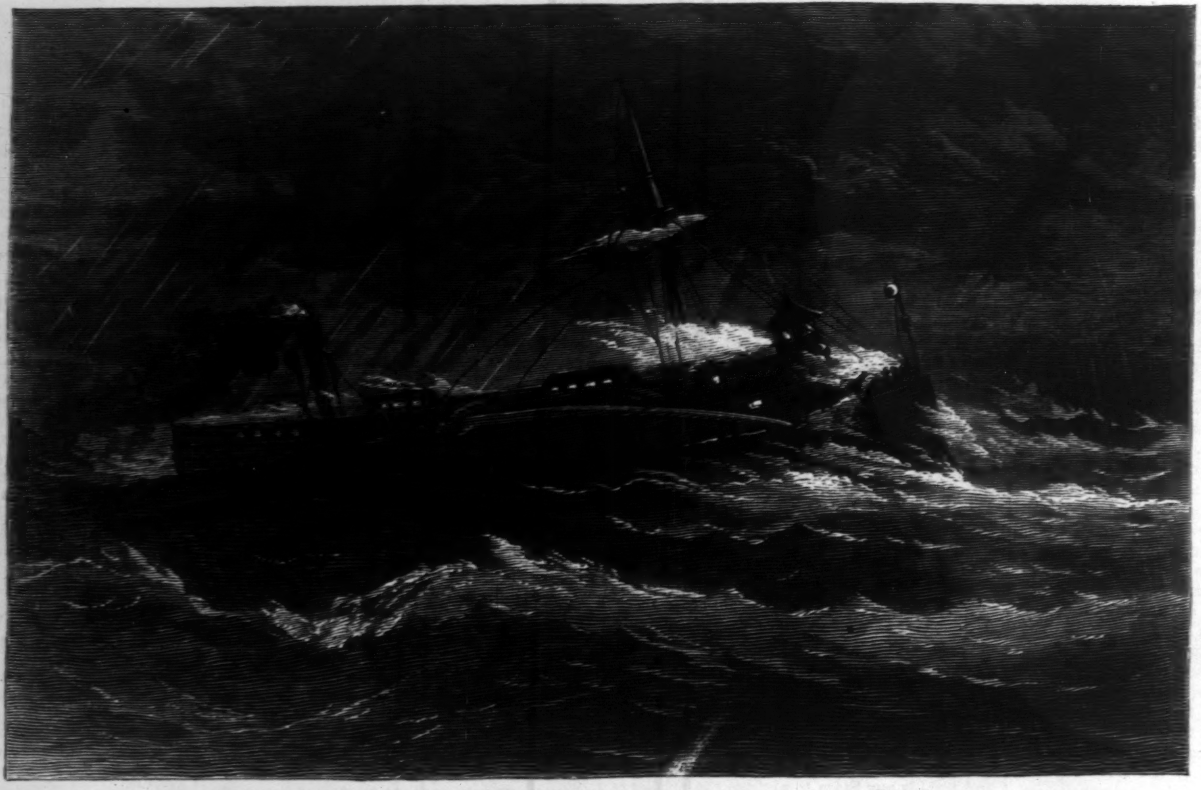
The Sultan of Turkey accorded permission, in the most "gracious" manner, to Admiral Farragut to pass the Dardanelles. He was doubtless afraid that the Admiral, acting for the Christians in Crete, might pass without asking leave; but when the Cretan deputies visited the United States ship *Franklin*, circulating revolutionary addresses, they were returned by order of Admiral Farragut.

Immediately preceding the horrible earthquakes, of which we give a full account on page 617, a strange phenomena occurred in various parts of South and Central America. At Valparaiso a brilliant light was visible in the northeast which was supposed to be a conflagration or a volcanic eruption, though it was argued that it resulted entirely from electric causes. An enormous development of electric fluid filled the atmosphere, and that on passing the hands through one's hair or on shaking one's coat electric sparks were struck off in abundance. In Brazil during the latter part of July a meteor was observed, which disturbed magnetic instruments very greatly, the compass oscillating fifteen degrees from north to west.

The London *Times* says, in regard to the *Alabama* claims, that "legal points will not stand in the way" of their settlement, and that "the only thing to ascertain is the responsibility of England, and to fix the proper indemnity."

WRECK OF THE HIPPOCAMPUS.

We illustrate on this page the wreck of the steamer *Hippocampus*, on Lake Michigan. This steamer was struck by a sudden squall on the morning of September 8, and she went down almost instantly. The details of the disaster have not yet reached us; but it is known that many of the passengers and crew were lost. The survivors who report the loss of the steamer were in the water for two days and part of two nights, and were picked up by a small sailing vessel when nearly exhausted.



WRECK OF THE STEAMER "HIPPOCAMPUS," September 8, 1868.—[Sketched by F. D. Skiff.]

BEE HUNTING.

The accompanying sketches, made during a recent jaunt in the Adirondack region, are illustrative of scenes that one may witness, if so disposed, while camping out in the "Wilderness."

"Max," said one of the ladies of the party to our guide, "there must be quantities of bees in the woods, for they hum and buzz about that maple-sugar of ours until I am really afraid to go near it."

"Fog's right about, do they, Miss Mamie?" "Fogs" is a favorite phrase of Max's, and does duty in all sorts of ways. "Well, them's some of my molasses-makers," he continued; "if you like honey, I'll take up the hive to-morrow, and let you see how we 'line a bee-tree.'"

"Bee hunting," said Max, as we left the shanty the next morning for our hunt, "always reminds me of General Grant, for, like him, we fights it out on one line till we gets through."

We soon reached our old clearing, when Max produced his little bee-box, from which he took some honey-comb and put it in a little fire which I had quickly kindled on a convenient log.

"You see, girls," said he to the ladies, "the bees scents this from a mile or more away, and comes to see me when I call them so. Then I feeds the little chaps this way," said Max, as he placed some honey in the bottom of the bee-box. During the time that we waited for the arrival of Max's bees, the good fellow entertained us with stories of bear, panther, wolves, lynx, and all manner of things peculiar to the woods.

"Max! Max! here they come!" cried one of the "girls," who, in listening to the stories, had not neglected to watch the bee-box.

"Know'd that some time ago," said Max; "only wanted to see whether they were going to get into the box without my help; but I guess they be. We'll watch 'em for a while, then put our mark on a few, to see how far away they live."

The bees had by this time gotten well to work, seeing which, Max took some flour and dropped a little on the backs of two or three of the bees that were busy on the honey. By this time even the ladies had decided the line, for it was easy enough to watch the flight of the bee, from the time that it left the box, circled a few times, then directed its flight in a "bee-line" toward the hive. The marked bees soon returned and re-entered the open box.

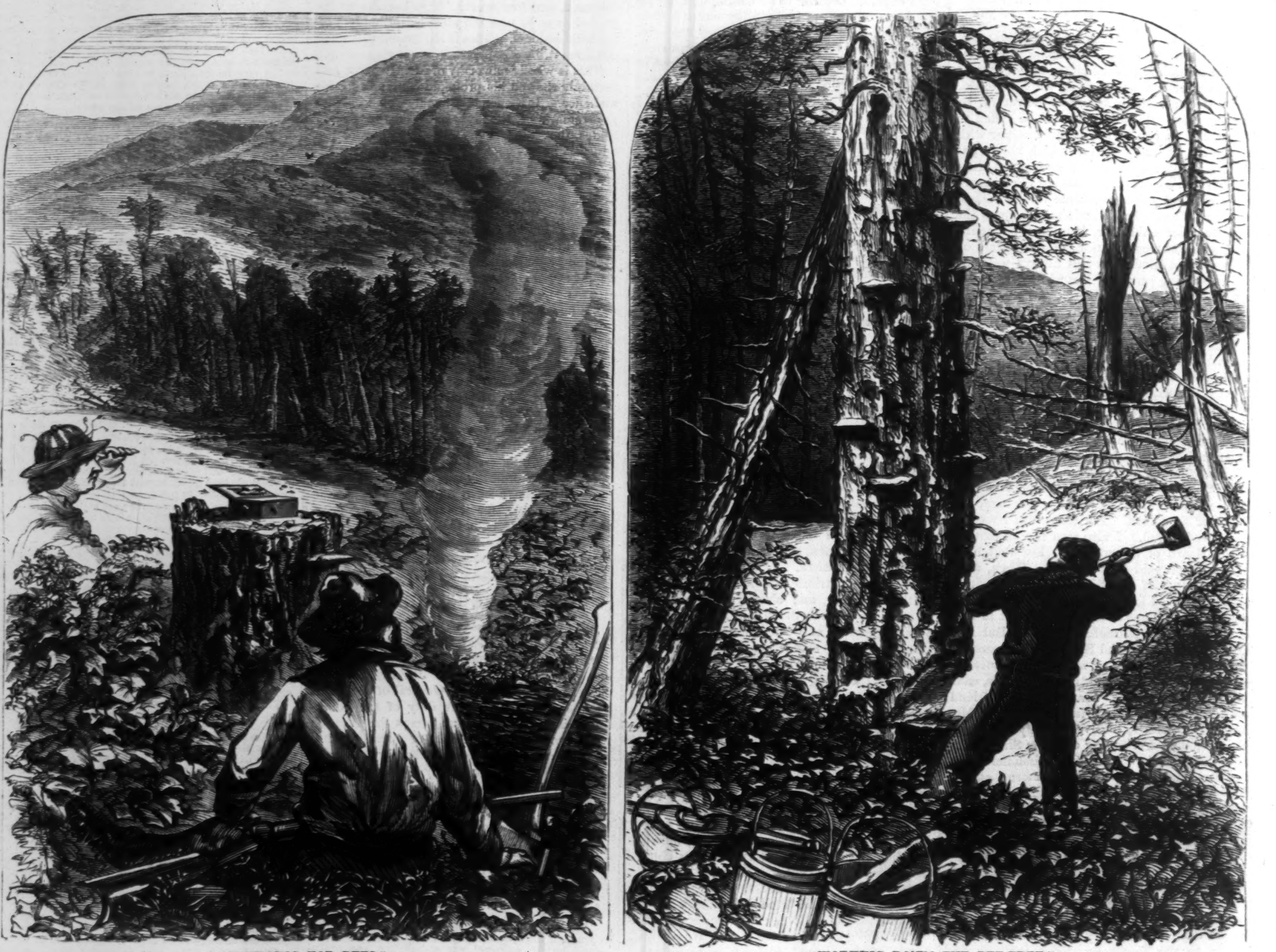
"Ain't very far to that hive; warn't gone long, any how," quoth Max, as he gently shut the box-lid and tapped on the box, to make the bees leave the honey in the bottom and rise to the top, so that he might shove in the little slide that divided the box in the centre, thus separating the bees from the honey. Picking up the box, Max started on the line, the party following after, each endeavoring to assist in locating the line. A quarter of a mile traversed in this way, we were halted by Max setting down the bee-box, drawing out the slide, and covering the box with his hat. (The box has a little glass window in the top.) Peeping in, and discovering that the bees were at work on the honey, he took away the hat and opened the box. In a short time we were again on the line, and in two more "tries" lined the honey-makers to their abode in the great trunk of an ancient birch-tree.

Max's axe now came into use, and as the tree came crashing down we dashed forward and stopped with moss the hole used by the bees as their entrance and exit. Rolls of thin birch-bark were now lighted and held to the hole, from which the plug had been removed.

"Bees don't fight fire much before they gives up and takes the back track for the honey," said Max, when the bees had ceased the useless contest and he was engaged in chopping out the "big chips" that were to reveal the sweets. Soon we were removing the great combs of honey from the tree-trunk hive to the pails that we had brought with us.

On our way back to the shanty Max told how other bees, attracted by the honey, would come, and sometimes great battles would be fought; and the bees whose honey was lost, being weaker, would be defeated, and if their queen was killed would go off with the other bees and make sugar for them, thus starting another bee-tree for future capture.

Nearly a hundred pounds of honey was distributed from our bee-tree, besides the quantity that we consumed ourselves.



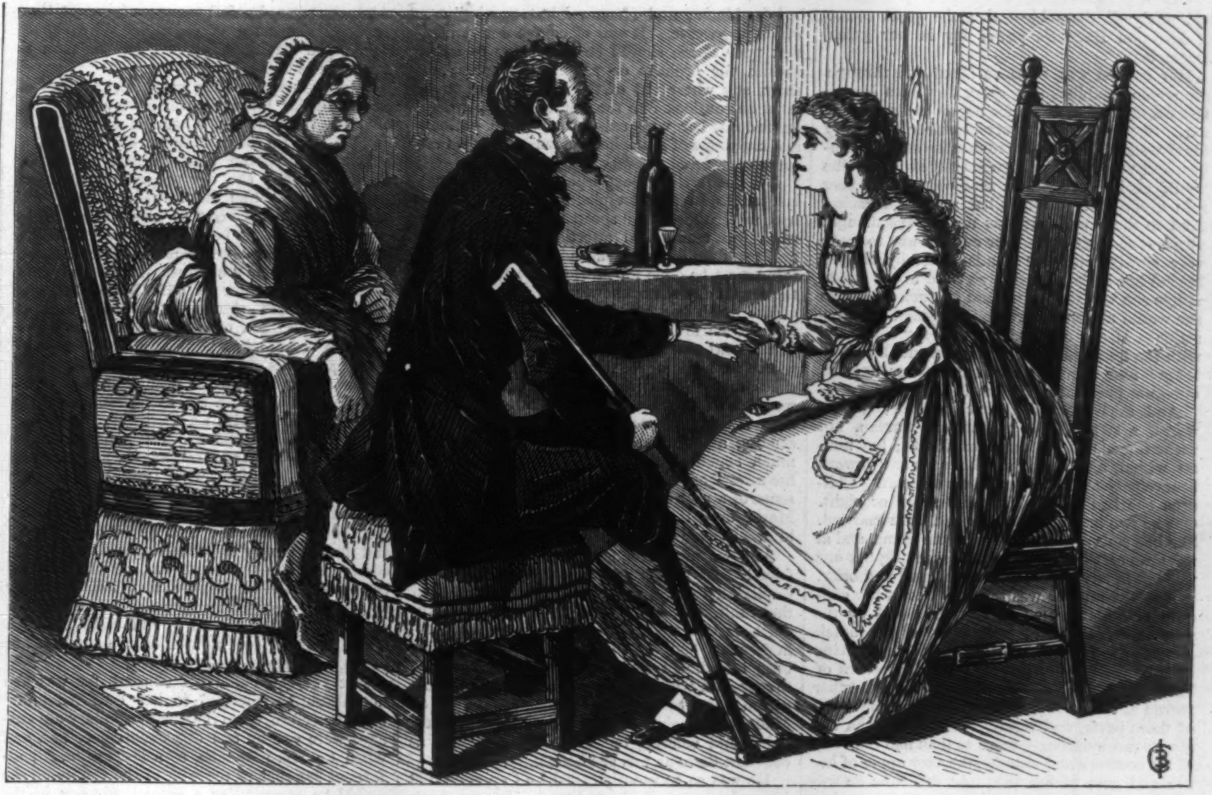
"SMUDGING FOR BEES." "WORKING DOWN THE BEE-TREE."

BEE HUNTING IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

WRECK OF THE "SUWANEE."

THE loss of the above-named steamer occurred on the morning of the 9th July, 1868, at 6 o'clock, in Shadwell Passage, Queen Charlotte Sound, British Columbia, while on her passage to Sitka. At the time of the accident she was steaming at the rate of about seven knots, and when nearly abreast of Centre and Galiano islands struck a sunken rock with such force as to knock a hole in her bottom, forward of the wheel. The tide was falling rapidly at the time, and although every exertion was made to save her it was found impossible. The ship began to strain heavily as the tide left her, forcing the stanchions up through her decks, and at about 7 o'clock A.M. she broke in two just forward of the hurricane deck. Finding it impossible to save her, orders were given to save all provisions, stores, etc., necessary, or that could be taken in the boats, and all were safely landed on Hope Island, where a camp was established, tents erected, and all attention bestowed to the comforts of officers and crew. The Indians at that place were found to be very friendly, and aided much in taking light stores on shore in their canoes. At about 1 P.M., having secured all the property then available, the Captain ordered her to be abandoned, and at 2 o'clock P.M. the crew took up their abode on Hope Island, where they continued to "wreck her" as opportunity offered.

The *Suwanee* was a side-wheel double-ender of 1030 tons register, built in 1864 in Chester, Pennsylvania; her hull was made of ⅝-inch iron. She was intended for river service during the war, but was shortly ordered to the Pacific, where she remained until the present time. Her armament consisted of two 100-pounder Parrott rifles on pivots, four 9-inch broadside guns, two 24-pounder and two 20-pounder Dahlgren howitzers. The whole length "over all" 254 feet. During the invasion of Mexico by the French she performed some service in favor of American shipping at Mazatlan. The accompanying sketch was made by an officer attached to the *Suwanee*.



"MARIE TOOK HIS HARD, WITHERED HAND AND KISSED IT," ETC.

LA MERE BAUCHE.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

THE Pyrenean Valley, in which the baths of Vernet are situated, is not much known to English or indeed to any travelers. Tourists in search of good hotels and picturesque beauty combined do not generally extend their journeys to the Eastern Pyrenees. They rarely get beyond Luchon; and in this they are right, as they thus end their peregrinations at the most lovely spot among these mountains, and are, as a rule, so deceived, imposed on, and bewildered by guides, inn-keepers, and horse-owners at this otherwise delightful place, that they become undesirous of further travel. Nor do invalids from distant parts frequent Vernet. People of fashion go to the Eaux Bonnes and to Luchon, and people who are really ill to Barréges and Cauterets. It is at these places that one meets crowds of Parisians, and the daughters and wives of rich merchants from Bordeaux, with an admixture now by no means inconsiderable of Englishmen and English women. But the Eastern Pyrenees are still unfrequented.

And probably they will remain so; for though there are among them lovely valleys—and of all such the valley of Vernet is perhaps the most lovely—they can not compete with the mountain scenery of other tourist-loved regions in Europe. At the Port de Venasque and the Breche de Roland in the Western Pyrenees, or rather, to speak more truly, at spots in the close vicinity of these famous mountain entrances from France into Spain, one can make comparisons with Switzerland, Northern Italy, the Tyrol, and Ireland which will not be injurious to the scenes then under view. But among the Eastern mountains this can rarely be done. The hills do not stand thickly together, so as to group themselves; the passes from one valley to another, though not wanting in altitude, are not close pressed together with overhanging rocks, and are deficient in grandeur as well as loveliness. And then, as a natural consequence of all this, the hotels are not quite as good as they should be.

But there is one mountain among them which can claim to rank with the Pièdu Midi or the Maledetta. No one can pooh-pooh the stern old Canigon, standing high and solitary, solemn and grand, between the two roads which run from Perpignan into Spain, the one by Prades, and the other by Le Boulon. Under the Canigon, toward the west, lie the hot baths of Vernet, in a close, secluded valley, which, as I have said before, is, as far as I know, the sweetest spot in these Eastern Pyrenees.

The frequenters of these baths were, a few years back, gathered almost entirely from towns not very far distant, from Perpignan, Narbonne, Carcassonne, and Bezières, and were not therefore famous, expensive, or luxurious. But those who believed in them believed with great faith; and it was certainly the fact that men and women who went thither worn with toil, sick with excesses, and nervous through overcare, came back fresh and strong, fit once more to attack the world with all its woes. Their character in latter days does not seem to have changed, though their circle of admirers may perhaps be somewhat extended.

In those days by far the most noted and illustrious person in the village of Vernet was La Mère Bauche. That there had been once a Père Bauche was known to the world, for there was a *fils* Bauche, who lived with his mother, but no one seemed to remember more of him than that he had once existed. At Vernet he had never been known. La Mère Bauche was a native of the village, but her married life had been passed away from it, and she had returned in her early widowhood to become proprietress and manager, or, as one may say, the heart and soul of the Hôtel Bauche at Vernet.

This hotel was a large and somewhat rough establishment, intended for the accommodation of invalids who came to Vernet for their health. It was built immediately over one of the thermal springs, so that the water flowed from the bowels of the earth directly into the baths. There was accommodation for seventy people; and during the summer and autumn months the place was always full. Not a few also were to be found there during the winter and spring, for the charges of Madame Bauche were low, and the accommodation reasonably good.

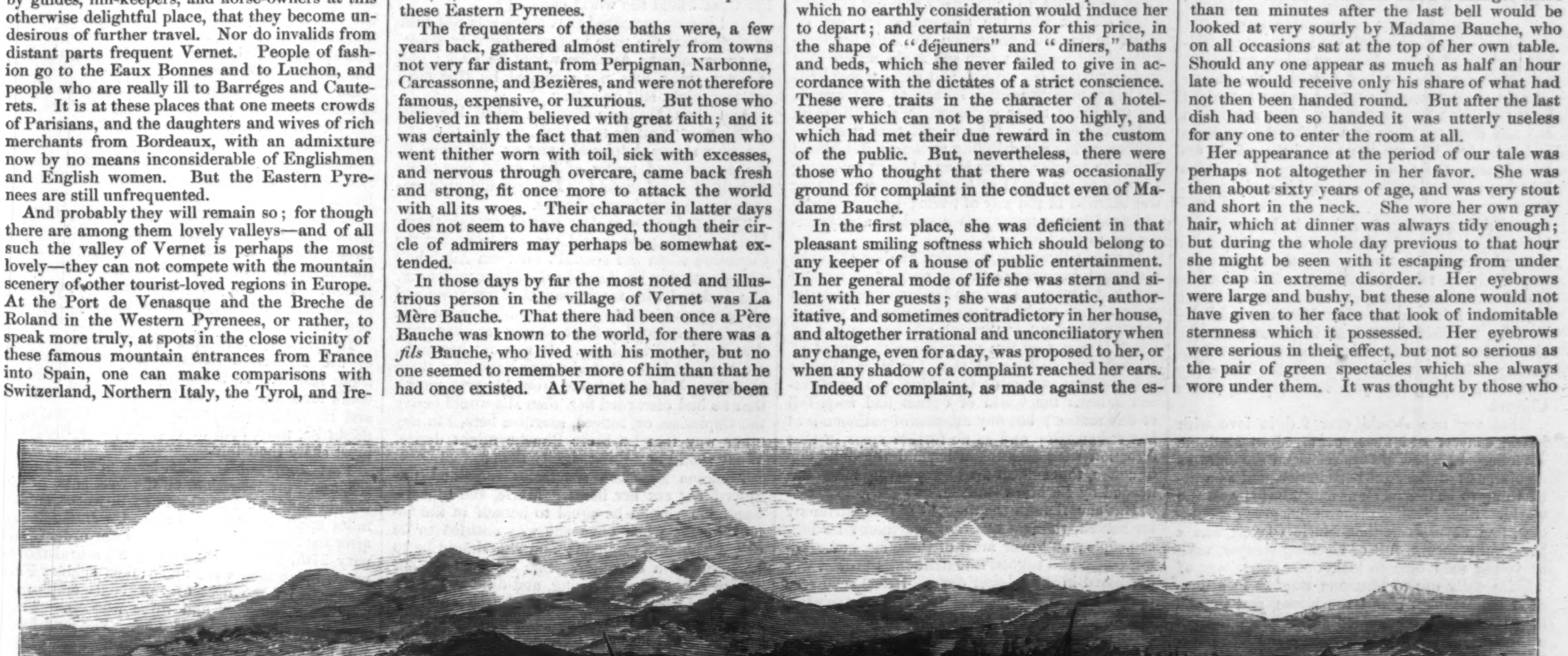
And in this respect, as indeed in all others, Madame Bauche had the reputation of being an honest woman. She had a certain price from which no earthly consideration would induce her to depart; and certain returns for this price, in the shape of "déjeuners" and "diners," baths and beds, which she never failed to give in accordance with the dictates of a strict conscience. These were traits in the character of a hotel-keeper which can not be praised too highly, and which had met their due reward in the custom of the public. But, nevertheless, there were those who thought that there was occasionally ground for complaint in the conduct even of Madame Bauche.

In the first place, she was deficient in that pleasant smiling softness which should belong to any keeper of a house of public entertainment. In her general mode of life she was stern and silent with her guests; she was autocratic, authoritative, and sometimes contradictory in her house, and altogether irrational and unconciliatory when any change, even for a day, was proposed to her, or when any shadow of a complaint reached her ears.

Indeed of complaint, as made against the establishment, she was altogether intolerant. To such she had but one answer. He or she who complained might leave the place at a moment's notice if it so pleased them. There were always others ready to take their places. The power of making this answer came to her from the lowness of her prices, and it was a power which was very dear to her.

The baths were taken at different hours according to medical advice; but the usual time was from five to seven in the morning. The déjeuner, or early meal, was at nine o'clock, the dinner was at four. After that, no eating or drinking was allowed in the Hôtel Bauche. There was a café in the village at which ladies and gentlemen could get a cup of coffee or a glass of eau sucrée; but no such accommodation was to be had in the establishment. Nor by any possible bribery or persuasion could any meal be procured at any other than the authorized hours. A visitor who should enter the salon à manger more than ten minutes after the last bell would be looked at very sourly by Madame Bauche, who on all occasions sat at the top of her own table. Should any one appear as much as half an hour late he would receive only his share of what had not then been handed round. But after the last dish had been so handed it was utterly useless for any one to enter the room at all.

Her appearance at the period of our tale was perhaps not altogether in her favor. She was then about sixty years of age, and was very stout and short in the neck. She wore her own gray hair, which at dinner was always tidy enough; but during the whole day previous to that hour she might be seen with it escaping from under her cap in extreme disorder. Her eyebrows were large and bushy, but these alone would not have given to her face that look of indomitable sternness which it possessed. Her eyebrows were serious in their effect, but not so serious as the pair of green spectacles which she always wore under them. It was thought by those who



WRECK OF THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "SUWANEE," JULY 9, 1868.

had analyzed the subject that the great secret of Madame Bauche's power lay in her green spectacles.

Her custom was to move about and through the whole establishment every day from breakfast till the period came for her to dress for dinner. She would visit every chamber and every bath, walk once or twice round the salle à manger, and very repeatedly round the kitchen; she would go into every hole and corner, and peer into every thing through her green spectacles. And in these walks it was not always thought pleasant to meet her. Her custom was to move very slowly, with her hands generally clasped behind her back; she rarely spoke to the guests unless she was spoken to, and on such occasions she would not often diverge into general conversation. If any one had aught to say connected with the business of the establishment she would listen; and then she would make her answer, often not pleasant in the hearing.

And thus she walked her path through the world, a stern, hard, solemn old woman, not without gusts of passionate explosion; but honest withal, and also not without some inward benevolence and true tenderness of heart. Children she had had many, some seven or eight. One or two had died; others had been married. She had sons settled far away from home, and at the time of which we are now speaking but one was left in any way subject to parental authority.

Adolphe Bauche was the only one of her children of whom much was remembered by the present denizens and hangers-on of the hotel. He was the youngest of the number, and having been born only very shortly before the return of Madame Bauche to Vernet had been altogether reared at the hotel. It was thought by the world of those parts, and rightly thought, that he was his mother's darling—more so than had been any of his brothers and sisters—the very apple of her eye and gem of her life. At this time he was about twenty-five years of age, and for the last two years had been absent from Vernet—for reasons which will shortly be made to appear. He had been sent to Paris to see something of the world, and learn to talk French instead of the patois of his valley, and having left Paris had come down south into Languedoc, and remained there picking up some agricultural lore which it was thought might prove useful in the valley farms of Vernet. He was now expected home again, very speedily, much to his mother's delight.

That she was kind and gracious to her favorite child does not perhaps give much proof of her benevolence, but she had also been kind and gracious to the orphan child of a neighbor; nay, to the orphan child of a rival inn-keeper. At Vernet there had been more than one water establishment, but the proprietor of the second had died some few years after Madame Bauche had settled herself at the place. His house had not thriven, and his only child, a little girl, was left altogether without provision.

This little girl, Marie Clavert, La Mère Bauche had taken into her own house immediately after the father's death, although she had most cordially hated that father. Marie was then an infant, and Madame Bauche had accepted the charge without much thought, perhaps, as to what might be the child's ultimate destiny. But since then she had done the duty of a mother by the little girl, who had become the pet of the whole establishment, the favorite plaything of Adolphe Bauche, and at last, of course, his early sweetheart.

And then and therefore there had come troubles at Vernet. Of course all the world of the valley had seen what was taking place, and what was likely to take place, long before Madame Bauche knew any thing about it. But at last it broke upon her senses that her son, Adolphe Bauche, the heir to all her virtues and all her riches, the first young man in that or any neighboring valley, was absolutely contemplating the idea of marrying that poor little orphan, Marie Clavert.

That any one should ever fall in love with Marie Clavert had never occurred to Madame Bauche. She had always regarded the child as a child, as the object of her charity, and as a little thing to be looked on as poor Marie by all the world. She, looking through her green spectacles, had never seen that Marie Clavert was a beautiful creature, full of ripening charms, such as young men love to look on. Marie was of infinite daily use to Madame Bauche in a hundred little things about the house, and the old lady thoroughly recognized and appreciated her utility. But for this very reason she had never taught herself to regard Marie otherwise than as a useful drudge. She was very fond of her protégé—so much so that she would listen to her in affairs about the house when she would listen to no one else; but Marie's prettiness, and grace, and sweetness as a girl, had all been thrown away upon Maman Bauche, as Marie used to call her.

But, unluckily, it had not been thrown away upon Adolphe. He had appreciated, as it was natural that he should do, all that had been so utterly indifferent to his mother, and consequently had fallen in love; consequently, also, he had told his love; and consequently, also, Marie had returned his love. Adolphe had been hitherto contradicted but in few things, and thought that all difficulty would be prevented by his informing his mother that he wished to marry Marie. But Marie, with a woman's instinct, had known better. She had trembled and almost crouched with fear when she confessed her love, and had absolutely hid herself from sight when Adolphe went forth, prepared to ask his mother's consent to his marriage.

The indignation and passionate wrath of Madame Bauche were passed and gone two years before the date of this story, and I need not therefore much enlarge upon that subject. She was at first abusive and bitter, which was very bad for Marie; and afterward bitter and silent, which was worse. It was of course determined that poor Marie should be sent away to some asylum for orphans or penniless paupers; in short, any where out of the way. What mattered her outlook into the world, her happiness, or, indeed, her very existence? The outlook and happiness of Adolphe Bauche—was not that to be considered as every thing at Vernet?

But this terribly sharp aspect of affairs did not last long. In the first place, La Mère Bauche had, under those green spectacles, a heart that in truth was tender and affectionate. After the first two days of anger she admitted that something must be done for Marie Clavert, and after the fourth day she acknowledged that the world of the hotel, her world, would not go as well without Marie Clavert as it would with her. And in the next place, Madame Bauche had a friend whose advice in grave matters she would sometimes take. This friend had told her that it would be much better to send away Adolphe, since it was so necessary that there should be a sending away of some one; that he would be much benefited by passing some months of his life away from his native valley; and that an absence of a year or two would teach him to forget Marie, even if it did not teach Marie to forget him.

And we must say a word or two about this friend. At Vernet he was usually called M. Le Capitaine, though, in fact, he had never reached that rank. He had been in the army, and having been wounded in the leg while still a sous-lieutenant, had been pensioned, and had thus been interdicted from treading any farther the thorny path which leads to glory. For the last fifteen years he had resided under the roof of Madame Bauche, at first as a casual visitor, going and coming, but now for many years as constant there as was she herself.

He was so constantly called Le Capitaine that his real name was seldom heard. It may, however, as well be known to us that this was Theodore Campan. He was a tall, well-looking man; always dressed in black garments, of a coarse description indeed, but scrupulously clean and well brushed; of, perhaps, fifty years of age, and conspicuous for the rigid uprightness of his back—and for a black wooden leg.

This wooden leg was, perhaps, the most remarkable trait in his character. It was always jet black, being painted or polished or japanned, as occasion might require, by the hands of the Capitaine himself. It was longer than ordinary wooden legs, as indeed the Capitaine was longer than ordinary men; but, nevertheless, it never seemed in any way to impede the rigid punctilious propriety of his movements. It was never in his way as wooden legs usually are in the way of their wearers. And then to render it more illustrious it had round its middle, round the calf of the leg, if we may so say, a band of bright brass which shone like burnished gold.

It had been the Capitaine's custom, now for some years past, to retire every evening at about seven o'clock into the sanctum-sanctorum of Madame Bauche's habitation, the dark little private sitting-room in which she made out her bills and calculated her profits, and there regale himself in her presence—and, indeed, at her expense, for the items never appeared in the bill—with coffee and cognac. I have said that there was neither eating nor drinking at the establishment after the regular dinner-hour; but in so saying I spoke of the world at large. Nothing further was allowed in the way of trade; but in the way of friendship so much was nowadays always extended to the Capitaine.

It was at these moments that Madame Bauche discussed her private affairs, and asked for and received advice. For even Madame Bauche was mortal; nor could her green spectacles without other aid carry her through all the troubles of life. It was now five years since the world of Vernet had discovered that La Mère Bauche was going to marry the Capitaine, and for eighteen months the world of Vernet had been full of this matter; but any amount of patience is at last exhausted; and as no further steps in that direction were ever taken beyond the daily cup of coffee, that subject died away—very much unheeded by La Mère Bauche.

But she, though she thought of no matrimony for herself, thought much of matrimony for other people; and over most of these cups of evening coffee and cognac a matrimonial project was discussed in these latter days. It has been seen that the Capitaine pleaded in Marie's favor when the fury of Madame Bauche's indignation broke forth; and that ultimately Marie was kept at home, and Adolphe sent away by his advice.

"But Adolphe can not always stay away," Madame Bauche had pleaded in her difficulty. The truth of this the Capitaine had admitted; but Marie, he said, might be married to some one else before two years were over. And so the matter had commenced.

But to whom should she be married? To this question the Capitaine had answered, in perfect innocence of heart, that La Mère Bauche would be much better able to make such a choice than himself. He did not know how Marie might stand with regard to money. If Madame would give some little "dot," the affair, the Capitaine thought, would be more easily arranged.

All these things took months to say, during which poor Marie went on with her work in melancholy listlessness. One comfort she had. Adolphe, before he went, had sworn to her, holding in his hand as he did so a little cross which she had given him, that no earthly consideration should sever them—that sooner or later he would certainly be her husband. Marie felt that her limbs could not work nor her tongue speak, were it not for this one drop of water in her cup.

And then, deeply meditating, La Mère Bauche hit upon a plan, and herself communicated it to the Capitaine over a second cup of coffee, into which she poured a full tea-spoonful more than the usual allowance of cognac. Why should not he, the Capitaine himself, be the man to marry Marie Clavert?

It was a very startling proposal, the idea of matrimony for himself never having as yet entered into the Capitaine's head at any period of his life; but La Mère Bauche did contrive to make it not altogether unacceptable. As to that matter of dowry she was prepared to be more than generous. She did love Marie well, and could find it in her heart to give her any thing—any thing except her son, her own Adolphe. What she proposed was this: Adolphe himself would never keep the baths. If the Capitaine would take Marie for his wife, Marie, Madame Bauche declared, should be the mistress after her death—subject, of course, to certain settlements as to Adolphe's pecuniary interests.

The plan was discussed a thousand times, and at last so far brought to bear that Marie was made acquainted with it, having been called in to sit in presence with La Mère Bauche and her future proposed husband. The poor girl manifested no disgust to the stiff, ungainly lover whom they assigned to her, who, through his whole frame, was in appearance almost as wooden as his own leg. On the whole, indeed, Marie liked the Capitaine, and felt that he was her friend, and in her country such marriages were not uncommon. The Capitaine was, perhaps, a little beyond the age at which a man might usually be thought justified in demanding the services of a young girl as his nurse and wife; but then Marie of herself had so little to give—except her youth, and beauty, and goodness.

But yet she could not consent, for was she not absolutely pledged to her own Adolphe? And, therefore, when the great pecuniary advantages were one by one displayed before her, and when La Mère Bauche, as a last argument, informed her that as the wife of the Capitaine she would be regarded as a second mistress in the establishment, and not as a servant, she could only burst out into tears and say that she did not know.

"I will be very kind to you," said the Capitaine; "as kind as a man can be."

Marie took his hard, withered hand and kissed it, and then looked up into his face with beseeching eyes which were not without avail upon his heart.

"We will not press her now," said the Capitaine. "There is time enough."

But let his heart be touched ever so much, one thing was certain—it could not be permitted that she should marry Adolphe. To that view of the matter he had given in his unrestricted adhesion, nor could he by any means withdraw it without losing altogether his position in the establishment of Madame Bauche. Nor, indeed, did his conscience tell him that such a marriage should be permitted. That would be too much. If every pretty girl were to be allowed to marry the first young man that might fall in love with her what would the world come to?

And it soon appeared that there was not time enough—that the time was growing very scant. In three months Adolphe would be back; and if every thing was not arranged by that time matters might still go astray.

And then Madame Bauche asked her final question—"You do not think, do you, that you can ever marry Adolphe?" and as she asked it, the accustomed terror of her green spectacles magnified itself tenfold. Marie could only answer by another burst of tears.

The affair was at last settled among them. Marie said that she would consent to marry the Capitaine when she should hear from Adolphe's own mouth that he, Adolphe, loved her no longer. She declared with many tears that her vows and pledges prevented her from promising more than this. It was not her fault, at any rate not now, that she loved her lover. It was not her fault, not now, at least, that she was bound by these pledges. When she heard from his own mouth that he had discarded her, then she would marry the Capitaine, or, indeed, sacrifice herself in any other way that La Mère Bauche might desire. What would any thing signify then?

Madame Bauche's spectacles remained unmoved, but not her heart. Marie, she told the Capitaine, should be equal to herself in the establishment when once she was entitled to be called Madame Campan; and she should be to her quite as a daughter. She should have her cup of coffee every evening, and dine at the big table, and wear a silk gown at church; and the servants should all call her Madame. A great career should be open to her, if she would only give up her foolish, girlish, childish love for Adolphe. And all these great promises were repeated to Marie by the Capitaine.

But, nevertheless, there was only one thing in the whole world which in Marie's eyes was of any value, and that one thing was the heart of Adolphe Bauche. Without that she would be nothing; with that, with that assured, she could wait patiently till doomsday.

Letters were written to Adolphe during all these eventful doings; and a letter came from him, saying that he had greatly valued Marie's love, but that as it had been clearly proved to him that their marriage would be neither for her advantage nor for his, he was willing to give it up. He consented to her marriage with the Capitaine, and expressed his gratitude to his mother for the immediate pecuniary advantages which she had held out to him. Oh, Adolphe, Adolphe! But, alas, alas! is not such the way of men's hearts—and of the hearts of women?

This letter was read to Marie, but it had no more effect upon her than would have had some dry legal document. In those days and in those places men and women did not depend much upon letters; nor when they were written was there expressed in them much of heart or of feeling. Marie would understand, as she was well aware, the glance of Adolphe's eye, the tone of Adolphe's voice; she would perceive at once what her lover really meant, what he wished, what in the innermost corner of his heart he really desired that she should do. But from that stiff, constrained written document she could understand nothing.

It was agreed, therefore, that Adolphe should return, and that she would accept her fate from his mouth. The Capitaine, who knew more of human nature than did poor Marie, felt tolerably secure of his bride. Adolphe, who had seen something of the world, would not now care very much for the girl of his own valley. Money, and pleasure, and some better position in the world, would soon wean him from his love; and then Marie would accept her destiny—as other girls in the same position had done since the French world began.

DONELSON.*

GRANT'S FIRST VICTORY.

One evening late in December (1861), Generals Halleck, Sherman, and Cullum were conversing together at the Planters' Hotel, in St. Louis, on the proper line of invasion. They saw clearly that the Confederates meant to stand on the defensive, and Halleck asked, "Where is their line?" Sherman replied, "Why, from Bowling Green to Columbus." "Well, then, where is the true point of attack?" "Naturally the centre." "Then let us see what is the direction in which it should be made."

A map lay on the table, and, with a blue pencil, Halleck drew a line from Bowling Green to Columbus, past Donelson and Henry, and another perpendicular to its centre, which happened to coincide nearly with the Tennessee River. "There," said he, "that is the true line of attack."

This forcing of the Confederate line would bring the important states Kentucky and Tennessee under national control; it would take in reverse the strong works on the Mississippi, which could not be reduced by a mere naval attack; it would open that great river; it would permit the passage of a national army into the recesses of the Cotton States, and expose Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and even Virginia, to attack on an unprotected flank.

In determining the mode in which this movement should be carried into execution, it was evident that the essential point was the seizure of the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers. This implied the reduction of the two forts Henry and Donelson, on which the Confederates were relying for the protection of those rivers.

The Confederate line of defense had been intrusted to General Albert Sydney Johnston. He was at Bowling Green, confronting General Buell. The fortified post at Columbus, on which the left flank of the Confederates rested, was considered by them to be the Gibraltar of America. They believed that it would close the Mississippi until their independence was acknowledged. It was in charge of General Polk. The strength of the entire force holding the line was about 60,000 men.

To execute the proposed operation two national armies were available. One lay at Cairo, under General Grant. There was with it a naval force, having some iron-clad gun-boats under Commodore Foote. The second army was at Louisville. It was under command of General Buell, and was 40,000 strong.

It had been intended originally that Grant's force should operate directly on the Mississippi River, forcing it open, and that Buell's army should strike at the intrenched camp at Bowling Green. If the force there were disposed of, Nashville, in its rear, must necessarily be abandoned.

In Halleck's view, the operation on the line of the Tennessee River would accomplish all these results. If the army and the gun-boats could force their way up that stream, Columbus and Bowling Green, no matter how strong they might be, must both at once fall, and Nashville must share their fate.

Fort Henry, on the East bank of the Tennessee, and Fort Donelson, on the west bank of the Cumberland, were bastioned earth-works, twelve miles apart, connected by a road. Immediately after the issue of the President's war order (January 27th, 1862) commanding a general movement, operations were undertaken against Fort Henry. Of the fleet of gun-boats employed, four were iron-clad and three wooden. They were under Commodore Foote. The land-force was under General Grant. The garrison of the fort, commanded by General Tilghman, was 2734 strong; the armament was seventeen guns.

Halleck gave the necessary orders for the expedition on the 30th of January, and Grant left Cairo with 17,000 men. The Confederates had works on both sides of the river, Fort Henry being on the east bank and Fort Heiman on the west, the latter commanding the former. The country was all under water, the river overflowing, the rain still falling in torrents. Though Tilghman was receiving re-enforcements and hastening the completion of his works, he found that he must withdraw from Fort Heiman and defend Fort Henry alone.

It was understood between Foote and Grant that the former was to reduce the fort, the latter to cut off the retreat of the garrison. The attack was to begin at twelve o'clock (February 6th). Foote thought he could reduce the work in an hour, and Grant, whose forces were three miles below, allowed himself two hours to accomplish his march. The gun-boats commenced their fire at a thousand yards, approaching gradually within six hundred.

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* Extract from Vol. II. of Dr. Draper's *History of the American Civil War*, published by Harper & Brothers.

Tilghman returned the fire at first very vigorously, but a series of accidents in succession befell him—a rifled 24-pounder burst, killing and wounding a number of his men; a premature discharge of a 42-pounder killed three of its gunners. From the beginning he had foreseen that he could not hold the place. In his report he says, "My object was to save the main body by delaying matters as long as possible. I therefore ordered Colonel Heiman to join his command and keep up the retreat in good order, while I would fight the guns as long as one was left, and sacrifice myself to save the main body of my troops." He had given orders for the garrison to retire to Fort Donelson before the firing began. He worked one of the guns himself. At the end of little more than an hour, he, with his staff and sixty men, surrendered unconditionally to Foote. His loss in killed and wounded was twenty-one.

As the land-forces under Grant had been delayed by the flood in the roads longer than had been anticipated, the Confederate garrison under Heiman made their escape safely. On the national side, the chief casualty occurred on board the iron-clad *Essex*, which received a shot in her boiler, in consequence of which twenty-nine officers and men were scalded.

The conduct of General Tilghman in this affair stands in very striking contrast with that of Floyd and Pillow at Donelson. For the sake of giving time for his garrison to make good its escape, he continued his hopeless resistance, and surrendered himself prisoner along with his artillerists.

Fort Henry thus secured, General Halleck next turned his attention to Fort Donelson. Re-enforcements were therefore rapidly brought from Buell's army, and also from St. Louis, Cairo, Cincinnati, and Kansas.

The Tennessee and Cumberland, as they approach the Ohio, run northward and nearly parallel to each other. Fort Donelson was about forty miles above the mouth of the Cumberland, and on its west bank. It was a large field-work of a hundred acres, near the town of Dover, on a bluff rising by a gentle slope from the river, at the point where the stream turns from its westerly course. The height of the bluff is about 100 feet. The strength of the work was directed toward the river, which it effectually commanded; on the land side it was comparatively weak. The entire artillery, including light batteries, were 65 pieces. The eventual strength of the garrison was 21,000. The surrounding country was rugged, hilly, and heavily wooded. Round the works timber had been felled, and small trees half chopped off formed an abatis. Two creeks, flooded by the rains, formed defenses on the right and left.

As soon as it became clear that the fort was about to be attacked from the land side, the Confederate commanders exerted themselves to strengthen it. A fortified line two miles and a half in length, inclosing the town of Dover, was drawn along the commanding high grounds. Re-enforcements were sent from Bowling Green by the railroad, and the work pushed on day and night. The garrison of Fort Henry came in on the 7th, the command of Pillow arrived on the 10th, that of Buckner on the 11th, that of Floyd on the 13th. Floyd, as the senior officer, was in command.

Grant moved from Fort Henry upon Donelson, with about 15,000 men, on Wednesday, the 12th. He had been obliged to submit to this delay to give time for preparing the gun-boats, though every hour of it was strengthening the enemy. His foremost brigade went by the telegraph road; the others by the Dover Road. He was before the fort in the afternoon of that day, and spent the remaining daylight in bringing his troops into position. Batteries were posted and the movement completed in the night. It was his intention, if the gun-boats should arrive, to make an attack next morning. His force consisted of the division of McClernand, containing the four brigades of Oglesby, W. H. L. Wallace, McArthur, Morrison; the division of C. F. Smith, containing the three brigades of Cook, Lauman, and M. L. Smith. The division of Lewis Wallace did not arrive until the 14th. Smith's division was to be on the left, Lewis Wallace's at the centre, McClernand's on the right. He formed his first line opposite the enemy's centre, his left resting on Hickman Creek, his right reaching not quite round to Dover. The advance was very difficult on account of a growth of dwarf oaks.

Though the gun-boats had not arrived, a cannonade was opened. McClernand made an attack on a battery commanding the ridge road on which Grant moved. He met with a repulse in his attempt to carry it. There was a bitter storm of hail and snow after dark, yet the troops bivouacked in line of battle. They had no tents and no fires; many of them were without blankets. The cries of the wounded calling for water were heard all that night.

At midnight six gun-boats and fourteen transports had arrived, the latter bringing Lewis Wallace's division, and giving Grant a superiority of force. Up to this time he had not been as strong as the Confederates. It took longer than had been anticipated to get these troops into position, and the consequence was that the attack on Friday had to be mainly carried on by the boats.

Of the gun-boats four were iron-clad, the remaining two wooden. The former opened their fire and advanced until they were within three hundred yards of the Confederate batteries, which, up to this time silent, were now vigorously worked. Their plunging fire, for they were elevated about thirty feet, soon told heavily on the boats. For an hour and a half the contest was maintained, when the steering apparatus of two was disabled, and they drifted down the stream. The others were compelled to withdraw. They had a loss of 54 killed and wounded; among the latter was Commodore Foote. In the Confederate batteries no one was killed, and the works were uninjured.

Thus the attack from the river, as well as McClernand's partial attempt from the land side, had failed, and apparently it had become necessary for the national commanders to have re-enforcements.

But Floyd had taken alarm. He had seen that heavy re-enforcements, Lewis Wallace's division, had that day arrived; he considered that, notwithstanding his success in beating off the gun-boats, there was no place within his intrenchments that could not be reached by the enemies' artillery fire from their boats or their batteries, and that there was nothing to prevent them from passing a column above him on the river, and thus cutting off his only remaining communication—that by water—and preventing the possibility of egress. He therefore summoned a council that evening, at which it was determined to abandon the fort, force a way past Grant's right, and escape to Nashville.

At that time, owing to the high water of the river, there was but one practicable road—Wynn's Ferry Road. Between it and the river lay the division of McClernand, the national right wing. The Confederate operation, therefore, was to throw their left, Pillow's division, against the national right flank, McClernand's, and, with Buckner's division drawn from their right, and leaving there only a weak force, to attack the right of the national centre, which was upon the Wynn's Ferry Road. If Pillow could force back the national right upon the centre, and Buckner take the disordered mass in flank, it was expected that the whole would be rolled back on the left—McClernand upon Wallace, and both upon Smith—and that the Wynn's Ferry Road would be opened.

On Wednesday night the air had been warm and genial; the sky was cloudless, the moon at full. On the night of Thursday the weather changed; there was a storm of sleet and snow. On Friday night it was intensely cold; the thermometer had fallen to 10° Fahrenheit. Nevertheless, the Confederates got ready to execute their desperate undertaking on Saturday morning at five o'clock, an hour before day.

At first fortune favored the boldly conceived and bravely executed attempt. The Confederates' left forced from their position the two national right brigades. Meantime Buckner, who had brought his troops over from the Confederate right, assaulted the third right national brigade, at first ineffectually, but at length, stimulated by Pillow's results, successfully. Nevertheless, McClernand's troops did not retreat until their ammunition was exhausted. At nine o'clock Grant's right wing had been completely pressed from its ground and the Wynn's Ferry Road opened. The Confederates might now have escaped.

All this occurred during the absence of Grant. He had gone on board a gun-boat at 2 A.M. to consult with Commodore Foote, who had been wounded, and had asked for this consultation. Already Lewis Wallace, who was holding Grant's centre, had sent one of his brigades to the assistance of the defeated right wing, but with no other result than to participate in their disaster. With his remaining brigade, however, he presented a firm front at right angles to his former one, and behind this the defeated troops of the right wing rallied and re-formed.

Against this the Confederates, flushed with success, but not altogether without confusion, advanced. They were received with such a fire that they instantly broke, and, on making a second attempt, broke again. This time they could not be rallied.

Grant had now come on the field. It was about nine o'clock. Though the battle had lulled, every thing was in confusion. The troops were scattered in knots. At a glance he appreciated the disaster and took his resolve. "On riding upon the field, I saw that either side was ready to give way if the other showed a bold front. I took the opportunity, and ordered an advance of the whole line." Smith, with the left wing, was to storm the enemy's works in his front, Wallace to recover the ground that had been lost on the right. A request was sent to the gun-boats to make a vigorous demonstration.

The removal of Buckner from Smith's front for the early attack in the morning had greatly weakened the right of the Confederate line. Buckner, therefore, was now ordered back. But it was too late. The storming column, with Smith at its head, was steadily and irresistibly advancing. It forced its way up the steep hill. As Buckner's troops came on, they encountered such a fire as hurled them out of the way. The abatis was torn aside, the key-point of the fort was seized; the Confederates fled into the work. Smith had gained possession of the high ground from which the entire right of the defenses of Donelson might be enfiladed.

Buckner's withdrawal from the ground that had been conquered in the morning now weakened and demoralized the Confederate left. At this instant Wallace made his attack on that front. It was impossible to resist him. The Confederates here also recoiled to their own works. The opportunity they had won at one moment was lost. Not only was the line of investment renewed, but the fort had become untenable: had daylight lasted half an hour longer it would have been taken. The losses on each side amounted to about two thousand killed and wounded.

Darkness fell upon Donelson. The cold was more than twenty degrees below the freezing point. The woods were covered with a sleety incrustation of ice; they swayed and crackled in the night air. Grant fell asleep in a negro hut, Smith on the hard-frozen ground. On the battle-field there lay four thousand Americans, many of them dead, many freezing to death. Wallace, whose troops were nearest the scene of agony, employed his men until "far in the morning in ministering to our own wounded, but we did not forget those of the enemy." A piteous wail for water was heard in all directions, for the cannon were now silent. It smote on the ears of Floyd. The arms that he had scattered all over the South had been used!

He called a council of war at Pillow's headquarters. It was concluded that any attempt to renew the sortie would be absolutely disastrous. Buckner declared that he could not hold the position for half an hour after daylight. In his opinion there was no escape from a surrender.

"There is nothing for us but to capitulate," exclaimed Floyd; "yet I can not surrender—I can not surrender. You know the position in which I stand." He asked advice of his subordinates, some of whom did not hesitate to express very plainly disapprobation of his intention of escaping from the fort. Buckner, thinking it dishonorable not to share the fate of the men, said, "You must judge for yourself." "General," said Floyd to him, "if we put you in command, will you let me take away my brigade?"

Floyd now turned the command over to Pillow, who turned it over to Buckner. Pillow then crossed the river in a scow. Floyd escaped with his Virginia brigade. By the light of lanterns they went on board a steamboat at the wharf, many of the men half tipsily staggering under their knapsacks, all shivering with the cold. A crowd was cursing and hissing at the fugitives. But in this her hour of dire humiliation Virginia was not without soldiers who vindicated her honor. There were those who disdained to follow such a shameful example, who chose to remain and share the fate of Buckner and his men.

At daylight Grant was ready to make the assault. He had now 27,000 men, but only eight light batteries of artillery. A white flag was seen on Donelson, and a note was received from Buckner, to which Grant at once replied:

"SIR,—Yours of this date, proposing an armistice and appointment of commissioners to settle terms of capitulation, is just received. No terms other than an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately on your works. I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant, U. S. GRANT."

To this Buckner replied:

"SIR,—The distribution of the forces under my command, incident to an unexpected change of commanders, and the overwhelming force under your command, compel me, notwithstanding the brilliant success of the Confederate arms yesterday, to accept the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms which you propose. I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,
"S. B. BUCKNER."

Hereupon Grant rode over to Buckner's headquarters, and spontaneously consented that the officers should keep their side-arms, and both officers and men their personal baggage. He desired to do nothing that might have the appearance of inflicting humiliation.

Nearly 15,000 prisoners, 17,600 small-arms, and 65 guns were taken. That such was the number of prisoners was shown by the fact that rations were issued at Cairo to 14,623. Grant's losses were 2041, of whom 425 were killed.

In his congratulatory order to his troops, Grant tells them that "for four successive nights, without shelter during the most inclement weather known in this latitude, they had faced an enemy in large force, and in a position chosen by himself, and had compelled him to surrender without conditions, the victory achieved being not only great in the effect it must have in breaking down the rebellion, but also in this, that it had secured the greatest number of prisoners of war ever taken in any battle on this continent."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ON a warm September day, watching in luxurious idleness the white rolling surf from the bluff at Long Branch, or strolling slowly along the sandy beach close beside the sparkling spray, or, perchance, dipping in the exhilarating waves, one can but wonder that the "season" draws toward a close when the days are becoming more enjoyable, and the fascinations of the ocean are in nowise diminished. Fashion is an imperative mistress, and her votaries obey whether she says "go" or "return." Those, however, who, being desirous of making a flying visit to Long Branch, were sensible enough to wait until the "height of the season" was past, lost some things, to be sure—such as the privilege of sleeping on a couple of chairs, or a billiard-table—but they found *comfort*—plenty of room, plenty of attendance, plenty to eat. Waiters become somewhat civil when the rush is over; hackmen listen to reason, and you can take a drive without spending a fortune; a measure of quiet is attainable, and you can sleep at night with only the noise of the "breaking waves" in your ears. "In short," the "last of the season" is to many by far the best of it.

According to the estimate of the clerk of the Stetson House, at the time of this writing (the second week in September), this hotel has entertained about 15,000 guests during the season. Whether accurate reckoning will make the sum total more or less, remains to be seen when the season is actually over. But undoubtedly the rush to Long Branch has never been so great as during the past summer. The attractions of this resort are well known: the magnificent surf-bathing beach, the extended "Beach drive," the fine view seaward, the exhilarating breezes, the good hotels. In every direction, away from the beach as well as along its course, the drives are charming. The grounds of "Hollywood House," though belonging to a private residence, are pleasantly open to the public. They embrace 273 acres and contain nearly three miles of walks and drives. Twenty-eight acres are woodland, and the remainder is beautifully laid out.

A drive of about two miles from Long Branch village brings one to Mechanicsville. The cemetery at this place possesses a sad interest—here lie the remains of 185 victims of a terrible shipwreck; for not always is the sea-breeze gentle or the surf beautiful—furious storms have visited this coast, causing frightful disasters. The Government has established Life-Saving Stations along the coast for the aid of storm-driven vessels. One of these Stations is located near Great Pond, a little more than three miles from the Stetson House. On November 13, 1854—as many may remember—the ship *New Era* ran aground about three hundred yards from the shore near this Pond. She had four hundred German emigrants on board, and when first seen a heavy sea and violent east wind prevailed. Yet even the boisterous storm could not drown the cries of the wretched creatures for help. Every effort was made; but not until the winds abated the next day could any be saved; then about 156 were rescued in a single hour, when the tide was favorable to the exertions put forth. Others were saved on the third day; but the beach was strewn with dead bodies, and 185 were buried in the cemetery at Mechanicsville, of which we have spoken.

But turning from this sad incident, we look out to the restless but now beautiful sea, wondering that it could ever prove so treacherous. The sun is nearing the horizon, and the beach is dotted with gay promenaders. Children are digging in the clean, white sand, and gathering shells and pebbles. Sea-birds skim along the foam-crested waves, and now an intelligent water-dog challenges one to a race. With ears erect and eager eye he speeds along the water's edge, and dashes impetuously into the waves in the inspiriting but useless chase, for the bird is soon lost to sight. The "Drive" is gay with equipages; but the murmuring sea is soothing—a dreamy languor steals over the senses, and unless the wants of the "inner man" require attention you may find yourself still musing, with face turned seaward, when the full-orbed moon rises over the waters. All this *now;* but a week or two hence, and the scene will be changed—Long Branch, with its ocean-view, with its beach, bluff, and drive, will remain—but "the season is over!"

The rules adopted by the Metropolitan Board of Health for resuscitating the drowned were recently successfully tested. A man threw himself into the river at Bridge Street Ferry, and when, after a long time, he was rescued, he was apparently altogether lifeless. After half an hour of persistent application of the method recommended for restoring life the man began to breathe.

The Commissioners of Charities and Correction are about establishing an industrial school for vagrant children who are too old to be sent to Randall's Island, and yet too young to be placed in the Work-house or House of Reformation.

During the last fifteen years the Children's Aid Society has been instrumental in conveying upward of 14,879 children to the West, and furnishing them with homes. These children have been rescued from lives of vice and crime, and placed in respectable situations. Thirteen dollars will pay for the expense of removing a child to the West.

It has been proved by experiment that the cattle disease is not necessarily fatal. Several cases have recovered under the immediate observation of the Commissioners appointed to investigate the matter. From their official report we clip a paragraph which gives the indications by which the meat of diseased animals may be distinguished: "The fat has a deep or high-colored greenish yellow appearance, and has not the firm resistance of health. The lean meat is of a brownish mahogany color, and on being cut into has a peculiar sickening odor. Sometimes the superficial muscles have the natural pink-red tint, but the deep-seated muscles, and especially the intercostal muscles (those between the ribs), have the dark brown color and nauseous smell." Carbolic acid is said to be an absolute and perfect disinfectant, which not only destroys the odor, but kills the virus of the disease.

A wedding in Milwaukee has created quite a sensation—the bride being eighty-four years of age, and the bridegroom twenty. The lady was a widow and wealthy. She was not on good terms with her children, and resolved not to leave her property to them. Meeting with this young man—now her husband—she told him that she was wealthy, and if he would marry her, and take care of her for the few years she lived, the property should be his.

About two miles from Peekskill, New York, is a farm of thirty-six acres, which Henry Ward Beecher purchased eight years ago, at a cost of about $300 an acre. Improvements have been made upon it at an expense of $13,000. Garden vegetables principally are raised. There is an extensive pear orchard, and one of apples. The house, which is a modest, cottage-like building, is surrounded by forest and fruit trees. Vineyards are on a large scale, strawberries are abundant, and all the varieties of raspberries and blackberries are grown for the market. Flowers grow in great profusion. Mr. Beecher has given his own attention very much to this department. His theory is to commence with just as much land as one can do justice to, and bring it into a high state of cultivation.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* says that there is scarcely a doubt that by the 4th of July next the journey from New York to San Francisco may be made entirely by rail. Probably at least eight or ten miles of track per day are now being regularly laid by the two companies.

The following mythological account of the origin of the rainbow was recently discovered, written in almost illegible characters, on the fly-leaf of an ancient copy of Anthon's Classical Dictionary. On investigation, we are convinced that it was undoubtedly not written by Milton! But, unfortunately, the initials affixed are almost obliterated by—an internal revenue stamp! A microscope will be needed to identify them:

ORIGIN OF THE RAINBOW.

[*From the ancient Mythology.*]

Said Jupiter to Vulcan—"Now make me a rainbow,
I want a bright rainbow, and one that will please.
You shall not pilfer colors from things in Olympus,
But get them where you like, from the stars, earth, or seas.
  I've promised Deucalion, who has had a dreadful wetting,
  I would make him a rainbow, and hang it in the sky,
  As a sort of a token I will not forget him,
  But however I destroy the world, I'll at least keep it dry."

So Vulcan, on Sunday, stewed sunshine for *yellow*,
On Monday from woman's bright lips he took *red*,
On Tuesday he got *blue*, for they told him, poor fellow,
That *indigo*, on Wednesday, would be hard to be had.
  On Thursday, he searched through the garden for *orange*,
  On Friday, for *green*, boiled a raw country wight,
  On Saturday he hunted the meadows for *violet*,
  And finished his rainbow late Saturday night.

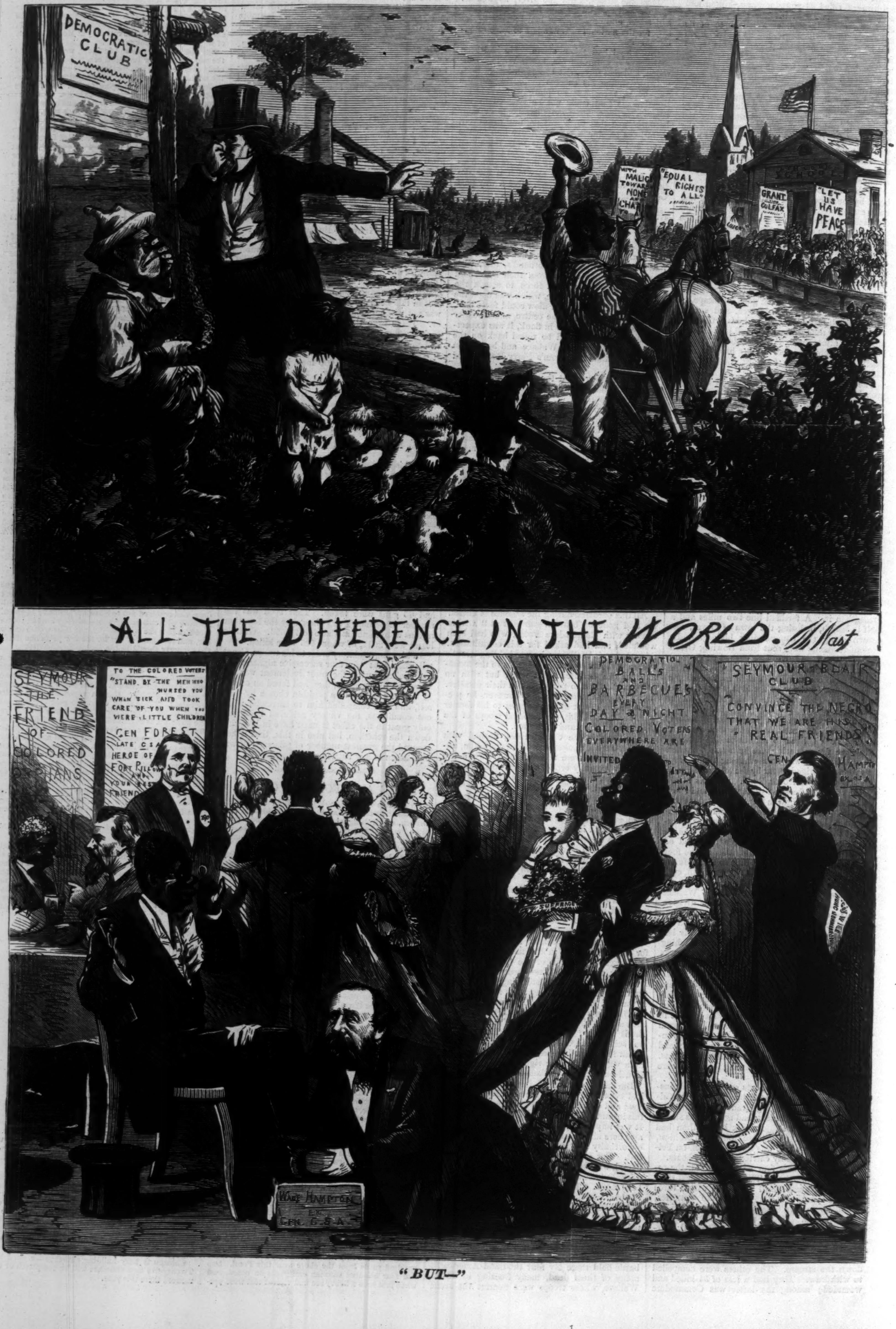
One sunshiny evening, just after a shower,
He brought home his rainbow, and asked for his pay;
But the rain came again, and in less than an hour
Poor Vulcan's bright colors had faded away.
  "How now!" said great Jove, "are my orders derided!
  Your rainbow, old Vulcan, is nothing but bosh."
  Said Vulcan, "I gave you bright colors, so *I* did,
  But I never warranted those colors to *wash!*"

On one of our hottest days a man went into a photographic saloon to get his picture taken. "How long will I have to wait?" he at length inquired. "Only a minute, while we prepare the plate," replied the operator. "Plate!" ejaculated the would-be sitter, wiping rivers of perspiration from his face; "if I keep on sweating like this, no plate will hold me—you'll have to take me in a soup bowl."

In 1702 a Spanish vessel laden with untold treasure, but which was estimated at $70,000,000, was sunk near the Spanish coast. There the treasure has lain for these one hundred and sixty-six years, and now a contract has been made with an American to raise the Spanish vessel, and recover the treasure, if possible. It will be an interesting search, and if successful Spain will be put in funds, that in 1702 would have been quickly wasted.

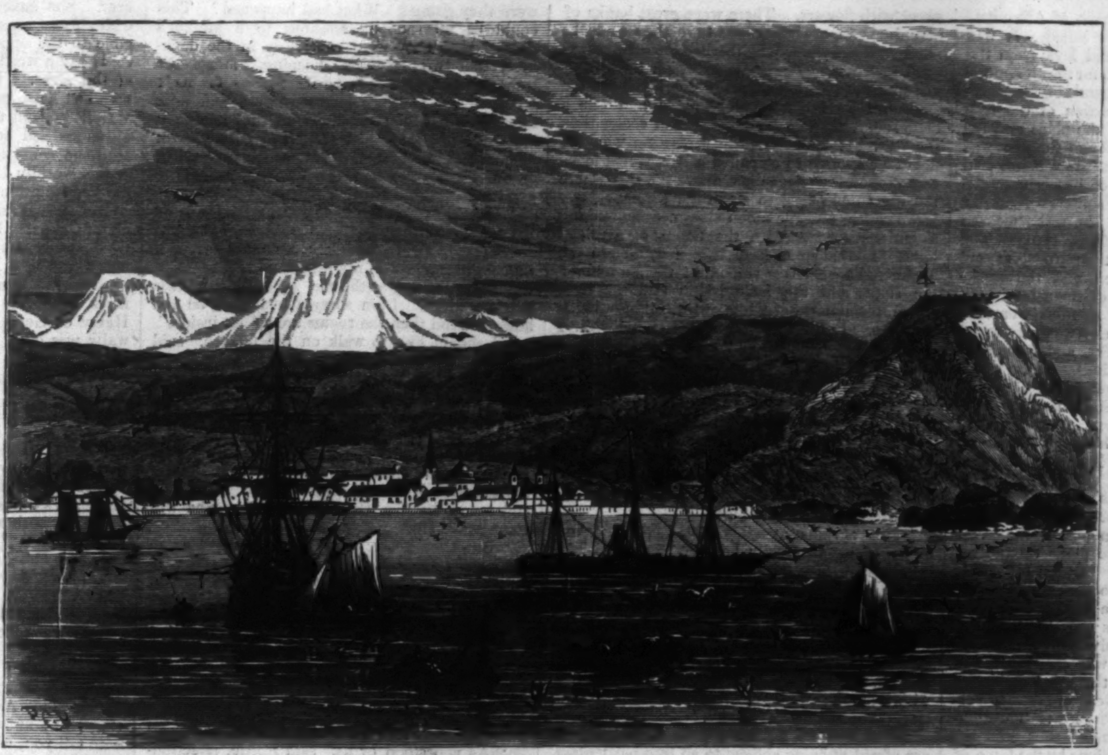
Chicago is busy building churches—a good sign. Twenty-five new churches will be completed or commenced there this year.

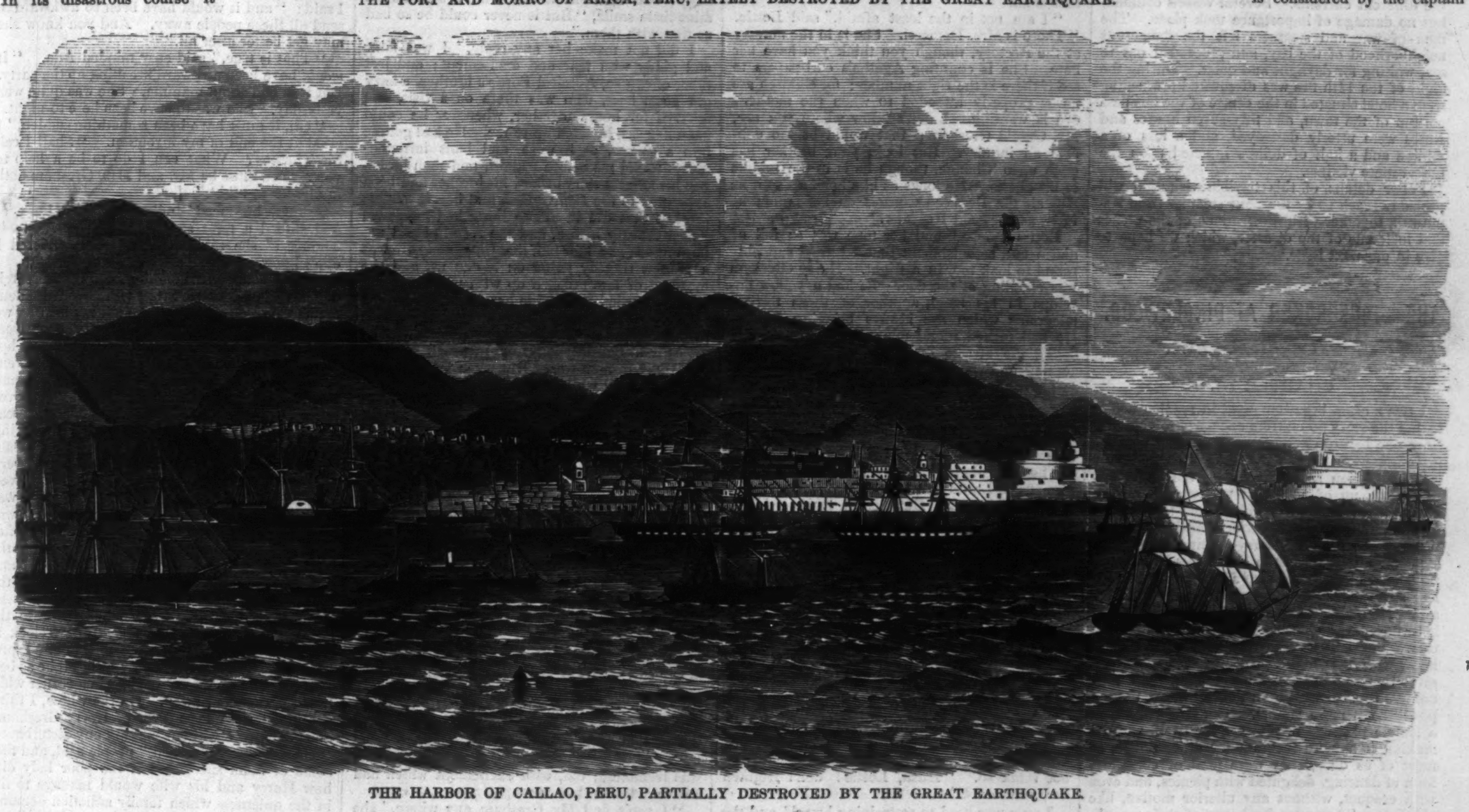
"THE ODOR OF THE NIGGER (REPUBLICAN) IS OFFENSIVE;"

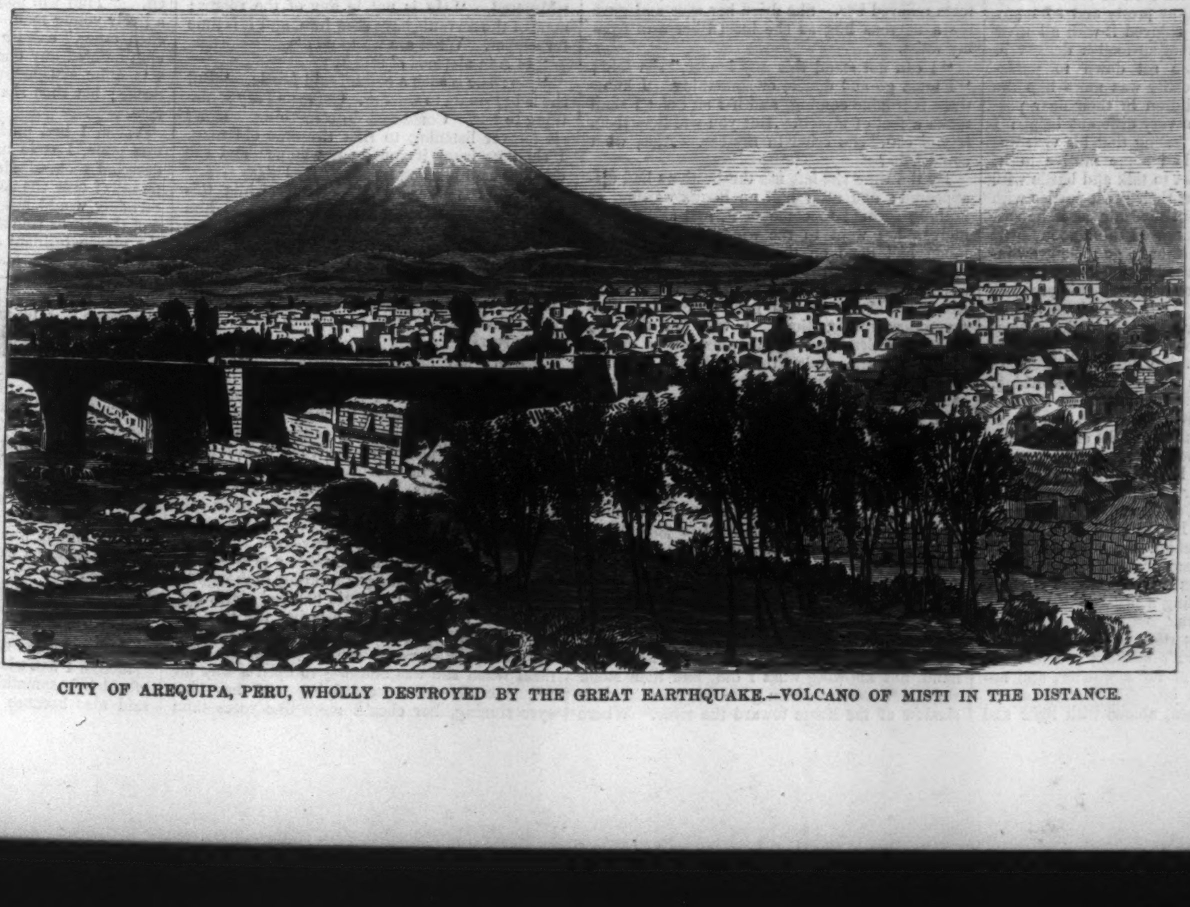

DEMOCRATIC CLUB
WITH MALIC TOWAR NONE AN CHA
"EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL"
SCHOOL
GRANT COLFAX
"LET US HAVE PEACE"
ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD. Th. Nast
SEYMOUR THE FRIEND OF COLORED ORPHANS
TO THE COLORED VOTERS "STAND BY THE MEN WHO NURSED YOU WHEN SICK AND TOOK CARE OF YOU WHEN YOU WERE LITTLE CHILDREN
GEN FOREST LATE C S A HEROE OF FORT PILLOW AND YOUR BEST FRIEND
290
DEMOCRATIC BALLS AND BARBECUES EVERY DAY & NIGHT COLORED VOTERS EVERYWHERE ARE INVITED TO ATTEND
SEYMOUR BLAIR CLUB
"CONVINCE THE NEGRO THAT WE ARE HIS REAL FRIENDS".
GEN HAMPTON EX C S A
WADE HAMPTON EX GEN. C.S.A.

"BUT—"

THE EARTHQUAKES IN SOUTH AMERICA.


THE PORT AND MORRO OF ARICA, PERU, LATELY DESTROYED BY THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.


THE HARBOR OF CALLAO, PERU, PARTIALLY DESTROYED BY THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.


CITY OF AREQUIPA, PERU, WHOLLY DESTROYED BY THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.—VOLCANO OF MISTI IN THE DISTANCE.

Various parts of the coast of South America, as far east as the Andes range, was visited on August 13, 14, 15, and 16 by one of the most terrible and disastrous earthquakes which has ever been recorded, property to the value of several hundred millions and thirty-two thousand human lives being destroyed! There were no less than seventy-six distinct and separate shocks, accompanied by two of the terribly disastrous waves or "walls of the sea" which have of late come to be called "tidal waves." In one instance the "wall of the sea" was forty feet high and resistless in its power, overwhelming every thing in its way and submerging whole cities. The most southern point, as far as can be heard from at present, touched by the earthquake was Cobijas, Bolivia. It then ranged due north through Peru as far as Callao, but not extending east of the Andes; it seems to have "gone out to sea" at Callao, and then returned to land near Guayaquil, Ecuador, here entering the Andes mountains and ranging through Quito, Ibarra, San Pablo, etc., due north to a distance not yet known. In its disastrous course it wholly destroyed the cities and towns of Arica, Arequipa, Iquique, Moquequa, Locmuba, Pisagua, Peru, and Ibarra, San Pablo, Atuntaqui, Imantad, Otovalo, and Cotocachi, Ecuador, besides damaging Callao and Lima, Peru, Quito, Ecuador, and several small towns in Bolivia north of Cobijas. The full extent of the damage done can not at present be estimated, as many of the interior towns visited by the earthquake have not been and can not be heard from for some days. Later accounts will probably show that the damage done to property is greater than at first reported, but it is to be hoped that the first estimate of the number of lives lost is greatly exaggerated.

We give on this page views of the cities of Arica, Callao, and Arequipa as they appeared previous to the earthquake, and append a brief account of each.

Arica is a principal sea-port town of Peru, and numbered as its population about 7000 souls. Its bay is one of the finest on the coast, and several vessels were at anchor in it at the time of the earthquake, including the United States ships *Wateree* and *Fredonia*. On the morning of August 13, at about half past five o'clock, a rumbling noise was heard, the providential premonition of the coming earthquake; and, used to the terrible warning, the people fled to the Plaza and suburbs. A few moments after the earth commenced to move visibly, and the motion continued for four or five minutes, when the shock became so severe as to destroy buildings constructed of the heaviest stone and cement. First the waters in the bay rose to a tremendous height, and immediately following came an enormous tidal wave, rising like a water-spout, and then assuming a wall-like appearance. The sea receded for a distance of seventy yards, and, returning, rose to a height of fifty feet above the usual high-water-mark. The store-ship *Fredonia* was torn into fragments by this wave, and all hands on board drowned. The *Wateree* was carried half a mile on land, and, although not seriously injured, is considered by the captain in his official report as lost to the service, the difficulties of getting her to the beach being almost insurmountable. On this ship only one man, a sailor, was drowned. Lieutenant-Commander Johnson, of this vessel, was on shore endeavoring to save his wife, by carrying her in his arms to some place of security, when she was struck by a portion of a falling building, and instantly killed. All the edifices in the town were completely destroyed. Among them was the Custom-house, containing more than four millions of dollars' worth of goods, all of which, of course, shared the same fate. To the earthquake was soon added a general conflagration, and what the fury of the elements spared was destroyed by the drunken and infuriated rabble, who broke open every store and liquor keg.

Arequipa is a city of the interior, and lies at the western base of the Peruvian Andes, and just underneath the great volcano of Arequipa, or Misti, as it is more properly called. It was built almost wholly of stone and lava from the volcano, and of unusual strength for South American cities. The premonitory sounds of the earthquake enabled the greater portion of the fifty thousand inhabitants to fly to the plaza and the river banks for safety, and though the city was completely destroyed the loss of life was not proportionate to the destruction of property. The first shock was succeeded by others of greater force; in three minutes more the soil shook so that it was almost impossible to stand. The strongest buildings began then to cast off stones, pieces of wood, etc., and the weakest began to fall, almost all of them level with the ground. In about five minutes from the first movement the whole city was enveloped in clouds of dust and darkness, and resounded with the crash of falling buildings. There is not one house left standing in Arequipa. The only church tower left is that of Santa Catalina, but it will have to be pulled down. Nearly all the inmates of the prison and hospitals perished. Many persons are known to have been crushed to death in the streets.

Callao was only partially destroyed, but it suffered terribly. The first shock was very severe there, and the people, remembering the great calamity of 1753, hastened to place themselves beyond the reach of danger. At ten o'clock at night the sea commenced to become agitated, and shortly after that hour a tremendous wave burst over the line of houses edging the shore, and in some cases completely gutted them of their contents. The panic was extreme. Not one thought was given to the preservation of property, but all endeavors were directed to personal safety. Yet no lives were lost. Throughout the night the sea continued thus, and the ships were swung in all directions by the force of the different currents. Several vessels collided, but no damage of importance took place. The men-of-war and steamers left the dangerous neighborhood of the bay, and proceeded out to sea, waiting for daylight and quiet. During the night of the 14th fire was discovered proceeding from a hotel situated in the centre of the business portion of the town, and fifty-seven houses and stores were utterly destroyed, and a loss of a million and a half of dollars inflicted upon the unfortunate victims.

Fuller details of this terrible visitation will probably reach us by the next steamer from Aspinwall, together with illustrations of the scenes and incidents of the disaster, which we hope to give in our next issue.

THE STOCKBROKER AT DINGLEWOOD.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

I HAVE often been impatient in reading books to find the story go on from one party to another, from one ball to another, as if life had nothing more important in it. But sometimes no doubt it does happen so. The life of the Greshams was made up of balls and parties; they were never alone; Dinglewood blazed out to the skies every evening, and the carriages flashed out and in, and one kind of merry-making or another went on all day. Lottie Stoke was there continually, and there grew up a curious friendship, half strife half accord, between Gerald and herself. He had nothing to do with the business as it turned out, and consequently was not half so rich. But still he was very well off. I don't know what it is about people in business which gives them a kind of primitive character: they are less sophisticated than the rest of us, though possibly not more simple. The Greshams took a simple pleasure in pleasure for itself, without making it a mere medium for other things, as most of us do. They were fond of company, fond of dancing, delighted with picnics, and even with croquet, without any ulterior motive, like children. They were fond even of their wealth, which gave them so many pretty and so many pleasant things. They enjoyed it with all their hearts, and took an innocent-foolish delight in it, which spiteful people set down to purse-pride; but which in reality was more like the open satisfaction of children in their dear possessions. Gerald was a very different being: I never saw him without feeling that his visit was not a mere visit, but had some motive in it. Before Lottie roused him to talk and battle with her, he would look on at their great parties with a curious, anxious, dissatisfied air, as if he suspected or feared something. I think poor Lottie went further than she meant to go: she grew interested herself, when she had meant only to interest him, and was more excited by his presence than he was by hers. They carried on a kind of perpetual duel, very amusing to the spectators, and there was no doubt that he liked it. But he liked Lucy's funny little shy speeches too; and he had some interest more absorbing, more serious than either, which made his face very grave when the two girls were not there. Harry Gresham had sometimes the air of getting impatient of his brother's presence. Now and then they passed my house walking together, and not enjoying their walk, according to appearances. Once as I stood at my gate I heard Harry say, sharply, "In any case Ada has her settlement," with a defiant air. And Gerald's face was full of remonstrance and expostulation. I could not help taking a great interest in these young people, and feeling a little anxious at the general aspect of affairs.

Things were in this state when the ball was given on Mrs. Gresham's birthday. I had nobody to take charge of for a wonder, and nothing to do but look on. The entire suit of rooms was thrown open, ablaze with light and sweet with flowers. There were great banks of geraniums in every corner where they could be piled, and the whole neighborhood had been ravaged for roses. The room in which I took refuge was the smallest of all, which had been old Lady Sarah's boudoir in old times, and was a little removed from the dancing, and cooler than the rest. It had one little projecting window, not large enough to be called a bay, which looked out upon the terrace just above the spot where the old couple used to sit in the summer days. It was open, and the moon streamed in, making a curious contrast with the floods of artificial light. Looking out from it you could see the Thames, like a silver ribbon, at the bottom of the slope, and the little island and the little house gleaming out white, with intense black shadows. Lottie Stoke came up to me while I stood at the window, and looked out over my shoulder. "It looks like the ghost of the river and the ghost of the island," she said, putting her pretty arm round my waist with an agitated grasp. "I almost think we are all ghosts too."

"A curious moment to think so," said Gerald Gresham. My back was turned to them, so that I did not see him, but there sounded something like a thrill of excitement in the half sneer of his voice.

"Not curious at all," said Lottie; "how many of us are really here do you think? I know where Mrs. Mulgrave is! She is outside on the terrace with old Lady Sarah, listening to the old people's talk; though I am holding her fast all the same. We are in all sorts of places, the real halves of us; but our doubles do the dancing and the laughing, and eat the ices quite as well. It is chilly to be a ghost," said Lottie, with a laugh; "come in from the window, I am sure there is a draught there."

"There is no draught," said Gerald; "you are afraid of being obliged to go into particulars, that is all."

"I am not in the least afraid," said Lottie. "There is Mrs. Damerel. She is in the nursery at the Rectory, though you think you have her here. She is counting Agatha's curl-papers to see if there is the right number; for children are never properly attended to when the mother's eye is wanting. I don't know where you are, Mr. Gerald Gresham; that would be too delicate an inquiry. But look, your brother has gone upon 'Change, though he is in the middle of his guests. He looks as like business as if he had all the Reduced Consols on his mind; he looks as if—good Heavens!"

Lottie stopped, and her tone was so full of alarm and astonishment that I turned suddenly round to look too, in a fright. Harry Gresham was standing at the door; he had a yellow envelope in his hand, another of those terrible telegrams which are always bringing misery. He had turned round unawares facing us, and facing the stream of people who were always coming and going. I never saw in all my life so ghastly a face. It showed the more that he was so ruddy and cheerful by nature. In a moment every tinge of color had disappeared from it. His mouth was drawn down, his blue eyes looked awful, shrinking back, as it were, among the haggard lines of the eyelids. The sight of him struck Lottie dumb, and came upon me like a touch of horror. But Gerald, it was evident, was not taken by surprise. Some crisis which he had been looking for had come at last.

"He has had some bad news," he said; "excuse me, my mother is ill—it must be that;" and he went through the stream of guests, fording the current, as it were, with noiseless rapidity. As for Lottie, she drew me back into the recess of the window and clung to me and cried—but not for Harry Gresham. Her nerves were at the highest strain, and broke down under this last touch; that was all.

"I knew something was going to happen," she said. "I felt it in the air; but I never thought it was coming upon them."

"It must be his mother," I said, though I did not think so. "Hush, Lottie! don't frighten *her*, poor child."

Lottie was used to restraining herself, and the tears relieved her. She dried her eyes and gave me a nervous hug as she loosed her arm from my waist.

"I can not stand this any longer," she said; "I must go and dance, or something. I know there is trouble coming, and if I sit quiet I shall make a fool of myself. But you will help them if you can," she cried in my ear. Alas, what could I do?

By the time she left me the brothers had disappeared; and after half an hour's waiting, as nothing seemed to come of it, and as the heat increased, I went to the window again. The moon had gone off the house, but still shone white and full on the lawn, like a great sheet of silvery gauze bound and outlined by the blackest shadow. My mind had gone away from that temporary interruption. I was not thinking about the Greshams at all, when all at once I heard a rustle under the window. When I looked down two figures were standing there in the shadow. I thought at first they were robbers, perhaps murderers waiting to waylay some one. All my self-command could not restrain a faint exclamation. There seemed a little struggle going on between the two. "You don't know her," said the one; "why should you trust her?" "She is safer than the servants," said the other, "and she is fond of poor Ada." If my senses had not been quickened by excitement and alarm I should never have heard what they said. Then something white was held up to me in a hand that trembled.

"Give it to Ada," said Harry Gresham, in a quick, breathless, imperative voice.

I took the bit of paper and clutched it in my hand, not knowing what I did, and then stood stupefied, and saw them glide down in the dark shadow of the house toward the river. Where were they going? What had happened? This could be no sudden summons to a mother's death-bed. They went cautiously in the darkness, the two brothers, keeping among the trees; leaning out of the window as far as I could, I saw Gerald's slighter figure and poor Harry's portly one emerge into the moonlight close to the river, just upon the public road. Then I felt some one pull me on the other side. It was Lottie who had come back, excited, to ask if I had found out any thing.

"I thought you were going to stretch out of the window altogether," she said, with a half-suspicious glance; and I held my bit of paper tight, with my fan in my other hand.

"I was looking at the moon," I said. "It is a lovely night. I am sorry it has gone off the house. And then the rooms are so hot inside."

"I should like to walk on the terrace," said Lottie, "but my cavalier has left me. I was engaged to him for this dance, and he has never come to claim it. Where has he gone?"

"I suppose he must have left the room," I said.

"I suppose it is their mother who is ill; perhaps they have slipped out quietly not to disturb the guests. If that is the case you should go and stand by Mrs. Gresham, Lottie. She will want your help."

"But they never would be so unkind as to steal away like this and leave every thing to Ada!" cried Lottie. "Never! Harry Gresham would not do it for twenty mothers. As for Gerald, I dare say *any* excuse—"

And here she stopped short, poor girl, with an air of exasperation, and looked ready to cry again.

"Never mind," I said; "go to Mrs. Gresham. Don't say any thing, Lottie, but stand by her. She may want it, for any thing we know."

"As you stood by us," said Lottie, affectionately; and then she added, with a sigh and a faint little smile, "But it never could be so bad as that with them."

I did not make her any reply. I was faint and giddy with fear and excitement; and just then, of course, Admiral Fortis's brother, a hazy old gentleman, who was there on a visit, and *havered* for hours together, whenever he could get a listener, hobbled up to me. He had got me into a corner, as it were, and built intrenchments round me before I knew, and then he began his longest story of how his brother had been appointed to the *Bellerophon*, and how it was his interest that did it. The thing had happened half a century before, and the Admiral had not been at sea at all for half that time, and here was a present tragedy going on beside us, and the message of fate crushed up with my fan in my hand. Lottie Stoke made her appearance in the doorway several times, casting appealing looks at me. Once she beckoned, and pointed energetically to the drawing-room in which poor little Mrs. Gresham was. But when I got time to think, as I did while the old man was talking, I thought it was best, on the whole, to defer giving my letter, whatever it was. It could not be any thing trifling or temporary which made the master of the house steal away in the darkness. I have had a good many things put into my hands to manage, but I don't think I ever had any thing so difficult as this. For I did not know, and could not divine, what the sudden misfortune was which I had to conceal from the world. All this time Mr. Fortis went on complacently with his talk about the old salt-water lords who were dead and gone. He stood over me, and was very animated; and I had to look up to him, and nod and smile, and pretend to listen. What ghosts we were, as Lottie said! My head began to swim at last as Mr. Fortis's words buzzed in my ear. "'*My lord, I said, 'my brother's services—not to speak of my own family influence*'"— This formed a kind of chorus to it, and came in again and again. He was only in the middle of his narrative when Lottie came up, making her way through all obstacles. She was trembling, too, with excitement which had less foundation than mine.

"I can't find Mr. Gresham any where," she whispered. "He is not in any of the rooms; none of the servants have seen him, and it is time for supper. What are we to do?"

"Is Ada alarmed?" said I.

"No; she is such a child," said Lottie. "But she is beginning to wonder. Come and say something to her. Come and do something. Don't sit forever listening to that tiresome old man. I shall go crazy if you do not come; and she dancing as if nothing had happened!"

Mr. Fortis had waited patiently while this whispering went on. When I turned to him again he went on the same as ever. "This was all to the senior sea-lord, you understand, Mrs. Mulgrave. As for the other—"

"I hope you will tell me the rest another time," I said, like a hypocrite. "I must go to Mrs. Gresham. Lottie has come to fetch me. I am so sorry—"

"Don't say any thing about it," said Mr. Fortis. "I shall find an opportunity," and he offered me his arm. I had to walk with him, looking quite at my ease, through all those pretty groups, one and another calling to me as I passed. "Oh, please tell me if my wreath is all right," Nelly Fortis whispered, drawing me from her uncle. "Mrs. Mulgrave, will you look if I am torn?" cried another. Then pair after pair of dancers came whirling along, making progress dangerous. Such a sight at any time, when one is past the age at which one takes a personal interest in it, is apt to suggest a variety of thoughts; but at this moment! Lottie hovered about me, a kind of *avant courrier*, clearing the way for me. There was something amazing to me in her excitement, especially as, just at the moment when she was laboring to open a way for me, Ada Gresham went flying past, her blue eyes shining, her cheeks more like roses than ever. She gave me a smiling little nod as her white dress swept over my dark one, and was gone to the opposite end of the room before I could say a word. Lottie drew her breath hard at the sight. Her sigh sounded shrill as it breathed past me. "Baby!" she whispered. "Doll!" And then the tears came to her eyes. I was startled beyond description by her looks. Had she come to *care for* Gerald in the midst of that worldly dreadful scheme of hers? or what did her agitation mean?

It was time for supper, however, and the elders of the party began to look for it; and there were a good many people wondering and inquiring where was Mr. Gresham? where were the brothers? Young ladies stood with injured faces, who had been engaged to dance with Harry or Gerald; and Ada herself, when her waltz was over, began to look about anxiously. By this time I had got rid of Mr. Fortis, and made up my mind what to do. I went up to her and stopped her just as she was asking one of the gentlemen had he seen her husband?—where was Harry? I kept Harry's bit of paper fast in my hand. I felt by instinct that to give her that would only make matters worse. I made up the best little story I could about old Mrs. Gresham's illness.

"They both went off quite quietly, not to disturb the party," I said. "I was to put off telling you as long as I could, my dear, not to spoil your pleasure. They could not help themselves. They were very much put out at the thought of leaving you. But Sir Thomas will take Mr. Gresham's place; and you know they were obliged to go."

Tears sprang to poor Ada's eyes. "Oh, how unkind of Harry," she cried, "to go without telling me. As if I should have kept on dancing had I known. I don't understand it at all—to tell you, and go without a word to me!"

"My dear, he would not spoil your pleasure," I said; "and it would have been so awkward to send all these people away. And you know she may get better after all."

"That is true," said easy-minded Ada. "It *would* have been awkward breaking up the party. But it is odd about mamma. She was quite well yesterday. She was to have been here to-night."

"Oh, it must have been something sudden," I cried at the end of my invention. "Shall I call Sir Thomas? What can I do to be a help to you? You must be Mr. and Mrs. Gresham both in one for to-night."

Ada put her laced handkerchief up to her eyes and smiled a faint smile. "Will *you* tell Sir Thomas?" she said. "I feel so bewildered I don't know what to do."

Then I commenced another progress in search of Sir Thomas, Lottie Stoke still hovering about me as pale as a spirit. She took my arm as we went on. "Was that all a story?" she whispered in my ear, clasping my arm tightly with her hands. I made her no answer; I dared not venture even to let her see my face. I went and told the same story very circumstantially over again to Sir Thomas. I hope it was not a great sin; indeed, it might be quite true for any thing I could tell. It was the only natural way of accounting for their mysterious absence; and every body was extremely sorry, of course, and behaved as well as possible. Old Mrs. Gresham was scarcely known at Dinglewood, and Ada, it was evident, was not very profoundly affected after the first minute by the news, so that, on the whole, the supper-table was lively enough, and the very young people even strayed into the dancing-room after it. But of course we knew better than that when trouble had come to the house. It was not much above one o'clock in the morning when they were all gone. I pretended to go too, shaking off Lottie Stoke as best I could, and keeping out of sight in a corner while they all streamed away. On the whole, I think public opinion was in favor of Harry Gresham's quiet departure without making any disturbance. "He was a very good son," people said, and then some of them speculated if the poor lady died how Harry and his wife would manage to live in the quietness which family affliction demanded. "They will bore each other to death," said a lively young man. "Oh, they are devoted to each other," cried a young lady. Not a suspicion entered any one's mind. The explanation was quite satisfactory to every body but Lottie Stoke; but then she had seen Harry Gresham's face.

When I had made quite sure that every one was gone, I stole back quietly into the blazing deserted rooms. Had I ever been disposed to moralize over the scene of a concluded feast, it certainly would not have been at that moment. Yet there was something pathetic in the look of the place—brilliant as day, with masses of flowers every where, and that air of lavish wealth, prodigality, luxury—and to feel that one carried in one's hand something that might turn it into the scene of a tragedy, and wind up its bright story with the darkest conclusion. My heart beat loud as I went in. My poor little victim was still in the dancing-room—the largest and brightest of all. She had thrown herself down on her sofa, with her arms flung over her head like a tired child. Tears were stealing down her pretty cheeks. Her mouth was pouting and melancholy. When she saw me she rose with a sudden start, half annoyed, half pleased, to have some one to pour out her troubles upon. "I can't help crying," she said. "I don't mean to blame Harry; but it was unkind of him to go away without saying a word to me. We never, never parted in that way before;" and from tears the poor little woman fell into sobs—grievous, innocent sobs, all about nothing, but broke one's heart.

"I have come to tell you something," I said, "though I don't know myself what it is. I am afraid it is something worse than you think. I said *that* because your brother-in-law said it;

but I don't believe it is any thing about Mrs. Gresham. Your husband put this into my hand through the window as he went away. Take courage, dear. You want all your courage—you must keep up for the sake of the children, Ada!"

I babbled on, not knowing what words I used, and she stared at me with bewildered eyes. "Into your hand through the window!" she said. She could not understand. She looked at the paper as if it were a charm. Then she opened it slowly, half afraid, half stupefied. Its meaning did not seem to penetrate her mind at first. After a while she gave a loud sudden shriek, and turned her despairing eyes on me. Her cry was so piercing and sudden that it rang through the house and startled every one. She was on the verge of hysterics, and incapable of understanding what was said to her, but the sight of the servants rushing to the door to ask what was the matter, brought her to herself. She made a brave effort and recovered something like composure, while I sent them away; and then she held out to me the letter which she had clutched in her hand. It was written in pencil, and some words were illegible. This was what Harry said:

> "Something unexpected has happened to me, my darling. I am obliged to leave you without time even to say good-by. You will know all about it only too soon. It is ruin, Ada—and it is my own fault—but I never meant to defraud any man. God knows I never meant it. Try and keep up your heart, dear; I believe it will blow over, and you will be able to join me. I will write to you as soon as I am safe. You have your settlement. Don't let any body persuade you to tamper with your settlement. My father will take care of that. Why should you and the children share my ruin? Forgive me, dearest, for the trouble I have brought on you. I dare not pause to think of it. Gerald is with me. If they come after me, say I have gone to Bishop's Hope."

"What does it mean?" cried poor Ada, close to my ear. "Oh tell me, you are our friend! What does it mean?"

"God knows," I said. My own mind could not take it in, still less could I express the vague horrors that floated across me. We sat together with the lights blazing round us, the grand piano open, the musicians' stands still in their places. Ada was dressed like a queen of fairies, or of flowers: her gown was white, covered with showers of rose-buds; and she had a crown of natural roses in her bright hair. I don't know how it was that her dress and appearance suddenly impressed themselves on me at that moment. It was the horror of the contrast, I suppose. She looked me piteously in the face, giving up all attempt at thought for her own part, seeking the explanation from me. "What is it?" she asked. "Why has he gone away? who is coming after him? Oh, my Harry! my Harry!" the poor young creature moaned. What could I say? I took her in my arms and kissed her. I could do no more.

At this moment there came a loud knocking at the door. The house had fallen into deadly stillness, and at that hour of the night, and in the state we were, the sound was horrible. It rang through the place as if it had been uninhabited, waking echoes every where. Ada's very lips grew white—she clasped her small hands together and wrung them. "It is some one who has forgotten something," I said, but my agitation was so great that I felt a difficulty in speaking. We sat and listened in frightful suspense while the door was opened and the sound of voices reached us. It was not Harry who had come back; it was not any one belonging to the place. Suddenly Ada rushed to the door with a flash of momentary petulance which simulated strength. "If it is any one for Mr. Gresham, bring him in here," she cried, imperiously. I hurried after her and took her hand. It was like touching an electric machine. She was so strung to the highest pitch that only to touch her made me thrill and vibrate all over. And then the two men—two homely black figures—startled even in spite of their acquaintance with strange sights, came hesitatingly forward into the blazing light to confront the flower-crowned, jeweled, dazzling creature, made up of rose and lily, and diamond and pearl. They stood thunder-struck before her, notwithstanding the assurance of their trade. Probably they had never in their lives seen such an apparition before. The foremost of the two took off his hat with a look of deprecation. I do not think Ada had the least idea who they were. They were her husband's enemies, endowed with a certain dignity by that fact. But I knew in a moment, by instinct, that they must be London detectives in search of him, and that the very worst possibility of my fears had come true.

I can not tell what we said to these men or they to us; they were not harsh nor unfeeling; they were even startled and awe-struck in their rough way, and stepped across the room cautiously, as if afraid of hurting something. We had to take them over all the house, through the rooms in which not a single light had been extinguished. To see us in our ball dresses, amidst all that silent useless blaze of light, leading these men about, must have been a dreadful sight. For my part, though my share in it was nothing, I felt my limbs shake under me when we had gone over all the rooms below. But Ada took them all over the house. They asked her questions and she answered them in her simplicity. Crime might have fled out of that honest, joyous home; but it was innocence, candid and open, with nothing to conceal, which dwelt there. I had to interfere at last and tell them we would answer no more questions; and then they comforted and encouraged us in their way. "With this fine house, and all these pretty things, you'll have a good bit of money yet," said the superior of the two, "and if Mr. Gresham was to pay up, they might come to terms."

"Then is it debt?" cried I, with a sudden bound of hope.

The man gave a short laugh. "It's debt to the law," he said. "It's felony, and that's bad; but if you could give us a bit of a clew to where he is, and this young lady would see 'em and try, why it mightn't be so bad after all. Folks often lets a gentleman go when they won't let a common man."

"Would money do it?" cried poor Ada; "and I have my settlement. Oh, I will give you any thing, every thing I have, if you'll let my poor Harry go."

"We haven't got him yet, ma'am," said the man. "If you can find us any clew—"

And it was then I interfered; I could not permit them to go on with their cunning questions to poor Ada. When they went away she sank down on a sofa near that open window in the boudoir from which I had seen Harry disappear. The window had grown by this time "a glimmering square," full of the blue light of early dawn. The birds began to chirp and stir in the trees; the air which had been so soft and refreshing grew chill and made us shiver in our light dresses; the roses in Ada's hair began to fade and shed their petals silently over her white shoulders. As long as the men were present she had been perfectly self-possessed; now suddenly she burst into a wild torrent of tears. "Oh, Harry, my Harry, where is he? why did not he take me with him?" she cried. I can not say any more, though I think every particular of that dreadful night is burned in on my memory. Such a night had never occurred in my recollection before.

Then I got Ada to go to bed, and kept off from her the sleepy insolent man in powder who came to know if he was to sit up for master. "Your master has gone to Bishop's Hope," I said, "and will not return to-night;" the fellow received what I said with a sneer. He knew as well, or perhaps better than we did, what had happened. Every body would know it next day. The happy house had toppled down like a house of cards. Nothing was left but the helpless young wife, the unconscious babies, to fight their battle with the world. There are moments when the sense of a new day begun is positive pain. When poor Ada fell into a troubled sleep, I wrapped myself up and opened the window and let in the fresh morning air. Looking out over the country, I felt as if I could see every thing. There was no charitable shadow now to hide a flying figure: every eye would be upon him, every creature spying his flight. Where was Harry? When I looked at the girl asleep—she was but a girl, notwithstanding her babies—and thought of the horror she would wake to, it made my heart sick. And her mother was dead. There seemed no one to stand by her in her trouble but a stranger like me.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

Practical joking is at a discount. Practical jokes are voted vulgar, witless, stupid, ill-natured; and it is really impossible to deny that the popular verdict is a correct one; but how amusing they often are!

You must, in your youth, have either set or fallen into a "booby-trap." It consisted, you may remember, of books, boots, etc., balanced on the top of a door, which was left ajar, so that the first incomer got a solid shower-bath.

Another trick was to pour water into a stone ink-bottle, cork it tightly, and slip it between the bars of a boy's grate on a winter's evening, when he was returning to his room after a temporary absence—the nozzle, of course, directed toward his chair. The tenant returned, and sat down to his verses or translation; presently the water began to boil, and the steam fired off the cork at him.

Perhaps the decline of practical joking, both in the army and among civilians, is due in a great measure to the abolition of dueling. It seems mean to play tricks upon a man who has no redress in case he should take serious offense; and this, undoubtedly, is the weak part of the practice, that it necessitates a victim. This is the case, indeed, with the majority of our amusements: one can not win a game without another losing it; fox-hunting is unpleasant for the fox; and shooting entails pain and death upon the objects of our sport; neither does any body, however good a face he may put upon the matter, like to be made game of. But in the last instance there is an element of treachery which distinguishes it from the others; to insure the success of a practical joke it is generally necessary to lull the victim into a false security.

A French auditor of accounts in the seventeenth century was a great practical joker all his life, and even played a trick after he had lost the power of enjoying it, for he left four large candles to be carried at his funeral, which had not been burning fifteen minutes before they went off as fire-works.

When a lady condescends to a practical joke it is generally a very neat one. M. Boncourt, the rich financier, was very stingy to his wife in the matter of pin-money. One day a lady, closely veiled, and very anxious not to be recognized, called upon him and borrowed a large sum, leaving her diamonds as a pledge. It was his wife.

The French thieves sometimes used to steal so funny that even their victims were half inclined to pardon them.

The Duke of Frousac, nephew of Marshal Richelieu, was coming out of the opera one night in a splendid dress embroidered with pearls, when two thieves managed to cut off his coat-tails. He turned into his club, where every body laughed at him, and so he found out what had happened, and went home. Early the next morning a well-dressed man called at the Duke's hotel, and demanded to see him at once on a matter of most vital importance. Monsieur de Frousac was awakened. "Monseigneur," said the visitor, "I am an officer of the police. Monsieur the lieutenant of police has learned the accident which happened to you yesterday on leaving the opera, and I have been sent by him to request you to order the coat to be placed in my hands, that we may convict the offenders by comparing it with the mutilated tails." The dress was given up, and the Duke was in raptures with the vigilance of the police. But it was a new trick of the rogue who had stolen the tails, by which he possessed himself of the entire garment.

The ancients used to indulge in practical jokes to a considerable extent; for instance, the Thracians, at their drinking-parties, sometimes played the game of hanging. They fixed a round noose to the bough of a tree, and placed underneath it a stone of such a shape that it would easily turn round when any one stood on it. Then they drew lots; and he who drew the lot took a sickle in his hand, stood on the stone, and put his neck into the halter. The stone was kicked away; and if he could cut himself down with the sickle well and good; but if he was not quick enough, he was hanged outright; "and the rest laugh, thinking it good sport."

Indeed, in the early stages of civilization, practical wit is apt to be grim; as society advances jokes at other people's expense are not quite so heartless: when we reach a certain pitch of refinement nothing gives us pleasure which causes pain to another, and then there is a chance of practical joking dying out altogether—except in the case of boys, who will probably never be humanized.

REST.

"Thou hast made us for Thyself; and the heart never resteth till it findeth rest in Thee."—St. Augustine.

Made for Thyself, O God!
Made for Thy love, Thy service, Thy delight;
Made to show forth Thy wisdom, grace, and might;
Made for Thy praise, whom veiled archangels laud!
O strange and glorious thought, that we may be
A joy to Thee!

Yet the heart turns away
From this grand destiny of bliss, and deems
'Twas made for its poor self, for passing dreams!
Chasing illusions melting day by day,
Till *for ourselves* we read on this world's best,
"This is not rest!"

Nor can the vain toil cease
Till in the shadowy maze of life we meet
One, who can guide our aching, wayward feet,
To find Himself, our Way, our Life, our Peace.
In Him the long unrest is soothed and stilled;
Our hearts are filled.

O rest, so true, so sweet!
(Would it were shared by all the weary world!)
'Neath shadowing banner of His love unfurled,
We bend to kiss the Master's piercèd feet;
Then lean our love upon his boundless breast,
And know God's rest!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The "Bread of Idleness"—Loafing.

The Back-door Bell—A pretty kitchen maid.

"Why, Hans, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I have ever seen." "Oh yah," replied Hans; "the reason of dat is because my mother was a voomans."

Mechanical.—Is the company for the making of artificial limbs a *joint*-stock one?

"There is but one good wife in this town," said a clergyman in the course of his sermon (the congregation looked expectant); "and every married man thinks he's got her," added the minister.

A LITERARY ODDITY.

The Brewers should to Malta go,
The Boobies all to Scilly,
The Quakers to the Friendly Isles,
The Furriers to Chili.

The little, snarling, carroling "babes,"
That break our nightly rest,
Should be packed off to Baby-lon,
To Lap-land, or to Brest.

From Spit-head Cooks go o'er to Greece,
And while the Miser waits
His passage to the Guinea coast,
Spendthrifts are in the Straits.

Spinsters should to the Needles go,
Wine-bibbers to Burgundy;
Gourmands should lunch at Sandwich Isles,
Wags at the Bay of Fun-dy.

Bachelors to the United States,
Maids to the Isle of Man;
Let Gardeners go to Botany Bay,
And Shoeblacks to Japan.

Thus emigrate—and misplaced men
Will here no longer vex us;
And all who ain't provided for
Had better go to Texas.

A Money Article—A purse.

A person who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a doctor's bill was asked by the lawyer whether "the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger." "No," replied the witness, "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits."

How to make a rich Jam.—Crowd twenty fashionably-dressed ladies into one omnibus. Would this also *preserve* the tempers of the aforesaid twenty ladies?

How to manage Bachelors—To Miss-manage them.

The clerk who could not afford to marry had a third larger salary than the man by his side, who had a beautiful wife and four children, a well-furnished house nearly paid for, vigorous health, a smiling face, and a happy heart. When rallied on the subject he exclaimed, "Married? I can not afford any thing else."

PHILOLOGICAL.

There is an old fancy that the word Devil is wholly composed of what is inimical to man; as thus:

Devil.
Evil.
Vil(e).
Il(l).
L (hell).

Singular Case.—A railway traveler of our acquaintance informs us that he recently caught cold through sitting next to a wet-nurse!

"Going to Work with a Will"—Altering one.

THE SEXES DEFINED.

Woman.—A mass of fuss, feathers, and furbelows, with a considerable sprinkling of vanity and silly conceit. Is used by milliners, dry-goods merchants, and hair-dressers to show off their wares to advantage.

Man.—A conglomeration of mock dignity, conceit, smoke, and boots; derisively styled the "Lord of Creation." Is a useful appendage to woman, and occupies the moments of which his life is made up in twirling a cane, squinting through an eye-glass, and cultivating a mustache.

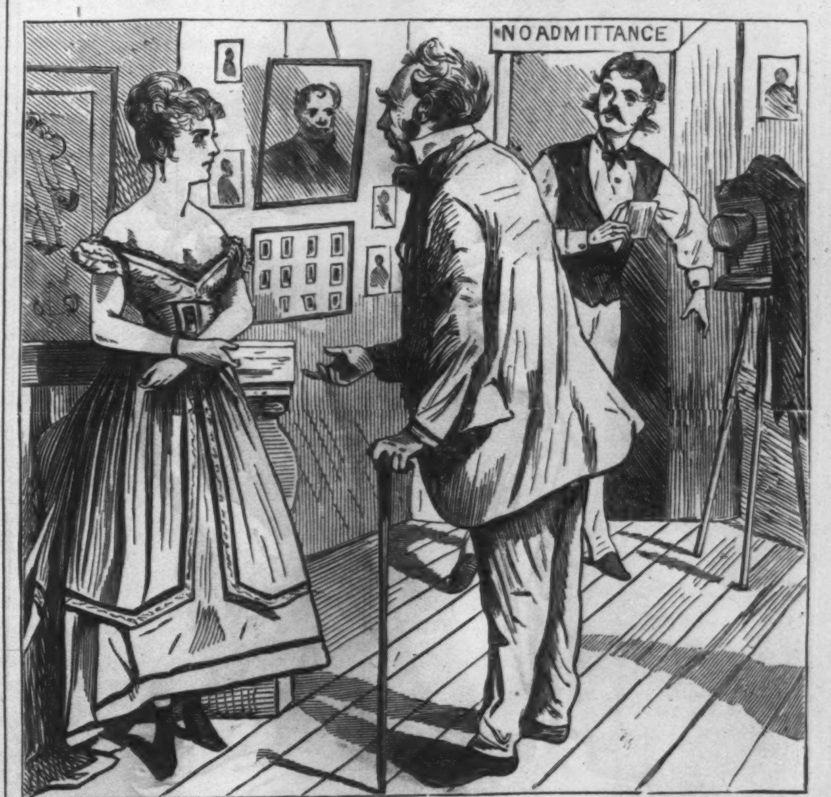
Example of the "Ups and Downs of Life"—Being hard up, and, consequently, cast down.

To Dentists—Do "*sound*" teeth "chatter?"

CONJUGAL SOLICITUDE IN THE CARS.

"My dear," said the husband to his wife, "are you comfortable in the corner there?"
"Oh! very snug."
"Don't you feel cold?"
"Not in the least."
"Does your window shut tight?"
"Yes, very, thank you."
"Well, come, let us swap seats!"

Why should a chimney-sweeper be a good whist player?—Because he's always following suit.



TECHNICAL BUT TRUE.

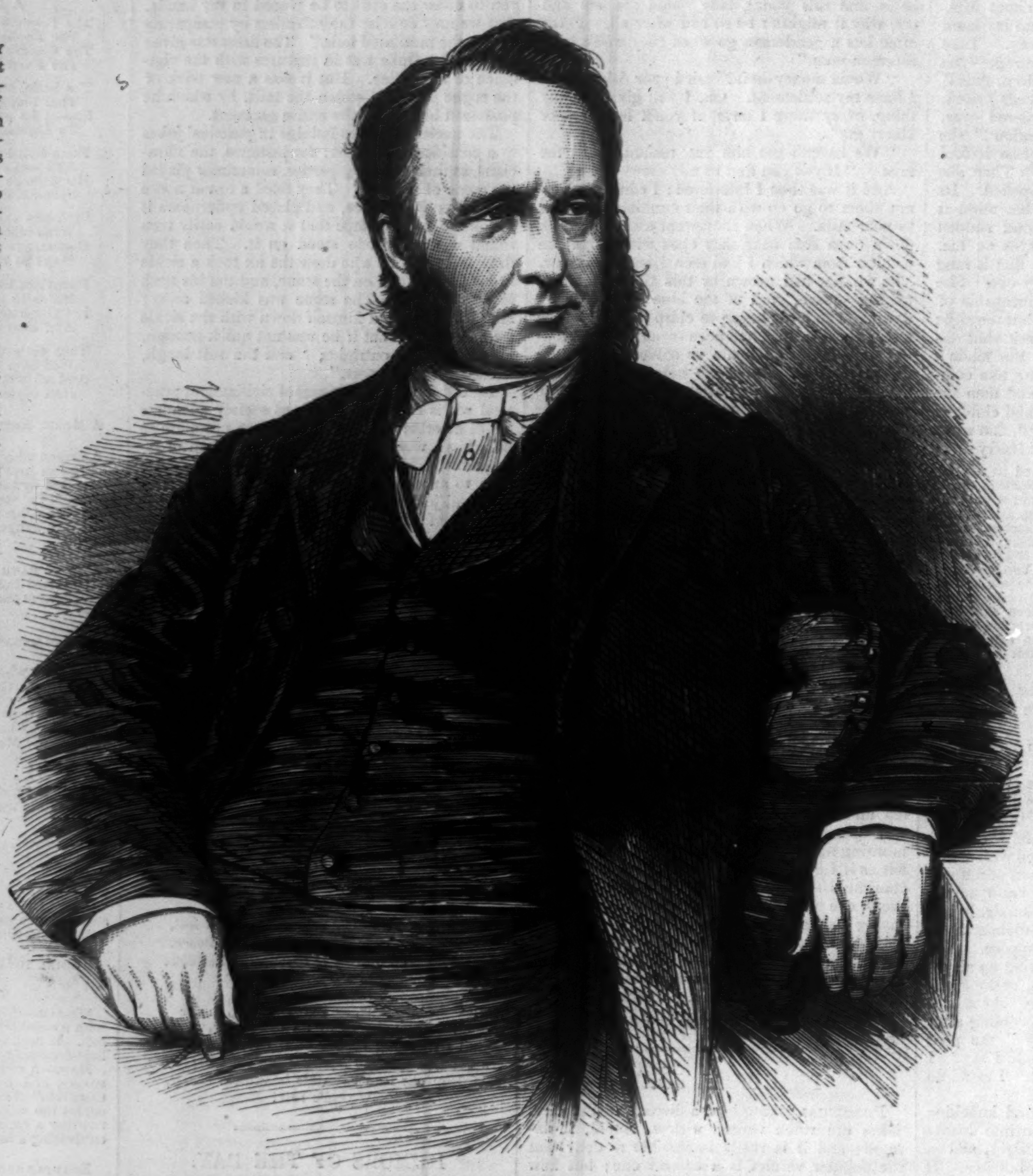
Miss Pink is having her Photo taken in her Paris ball dress.

Photo Youth (*referring to the likeness*). "This is a better one, Miss. But a little 'over exposed.'"

Papa Pink (*referring to the ball dress*). "There, my dear! you hear the remarks you lay yourself open to, all through that confoundedly indecent costume!"

REV. S. R. HALL.

The Rev. **Samuel Romilly Hall**, the newly-elected President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of England, was born, of Methodist parents, at Bristol, in the year 1812. His great-grandfather was one of **John Wesley's** local preachers for more than fifty-eight years, and from that time to this the succession line of membership with the Wesleyan Church has never been broken. President **Hall** was educated in a private academy in Bristol. He himself became a member of the Wesleyan Church when he was only twenty years of age; and two of Mr. **Hall's** sons are office-bearers and members of the same Church at the present time. Mr. **Hall** began to preach in 1834; was called into the ministry in 1836, and entered upon its actual duties after two years' training in the clerical college. Mr. **Hall** has been a total abstainer, though not a pledged one, for many years. He is remarkable for his debating power and general independence; and the Methodist Conference has not had in it a more self-reliant man for many years. Both in the pulpit and out of it few men are more respected, or more deferentially listened to, than Mr. **Hall**. As a pastor he is a model to many; and especially so in his visits to the poor. President **Hall** has taken some of the best circuits in Methodism, and will occupy its high places to the end. His conduct in the presidential chair has been able and impartial; and he has shown himself specially expert in disentangling the complications of debate which necessarily arise occasionally, and especially in the fraternal method pursued in the Wesleyan Conference. He secured fair play for every speaker, and that without the least respect of persons. The Wesleyan Conference is now, probably, the largest ecclesiastical assembly in the world, and Mr. **Hall** is equal to its arduous labor; but if the Conference goes on increasing at its present rate it will be impossible for any one man to bear the burden of the presidency. There are already, according to the reports of the Conference, 342,380 Wesleyan Methodists in Great Britain, an increase since 1867 of 5310, with 24,926 on probation.

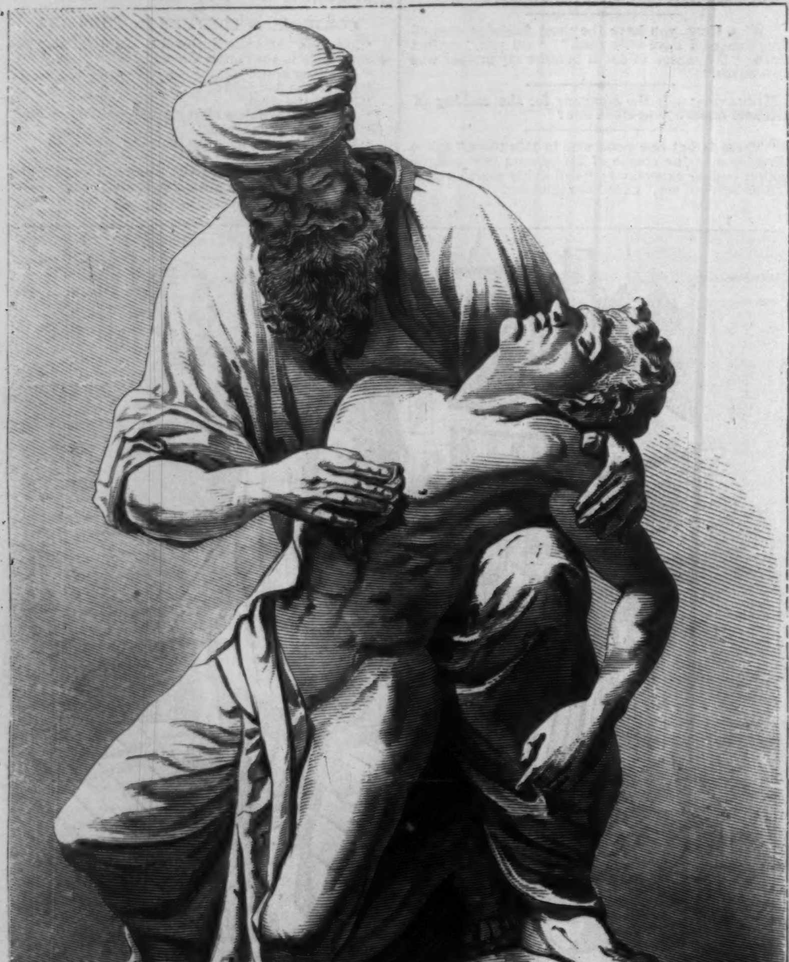


REV. S. R. HALL, PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE, ENGLAND.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

There has lately been erected in the Public Garden, Boston, and near the entrance to the magnificent Commonwealth Avenue, a large monument by J. Q. A. **Ward**. It is intended to commemorate the discovery of sulphuric ether as an anæsthetic; and it is surmounted by the group which we represent on this page under the name of "the Good Samaritan."

The design originated with Mr. **Thomas Lee**, of Boston, and the whole expense of $40,000 is borne by him. The monument now finished has been presented to the city of Boston. The architectural design was made by **Henry Van Brunt**. The statuary, as executed by Mr. **Ward**, consists of four bass-reliefs and the group of which we give a representation. The bass-reliefs are intended to illustrate the uses of ether: one represents an operation on the battle-field; another a hospital scene; a third is a figure of Science, with the chemical apparatus with which ether is made, and figures doing homage to the discovery; the fourth, more allegorical in character, represents a man in a condition of suffering with a figure descending to his relief. The design and beauties of the group which we illustrate will be readily perceived by the intelligent reader.



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.—Group by Quincey Ward.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]

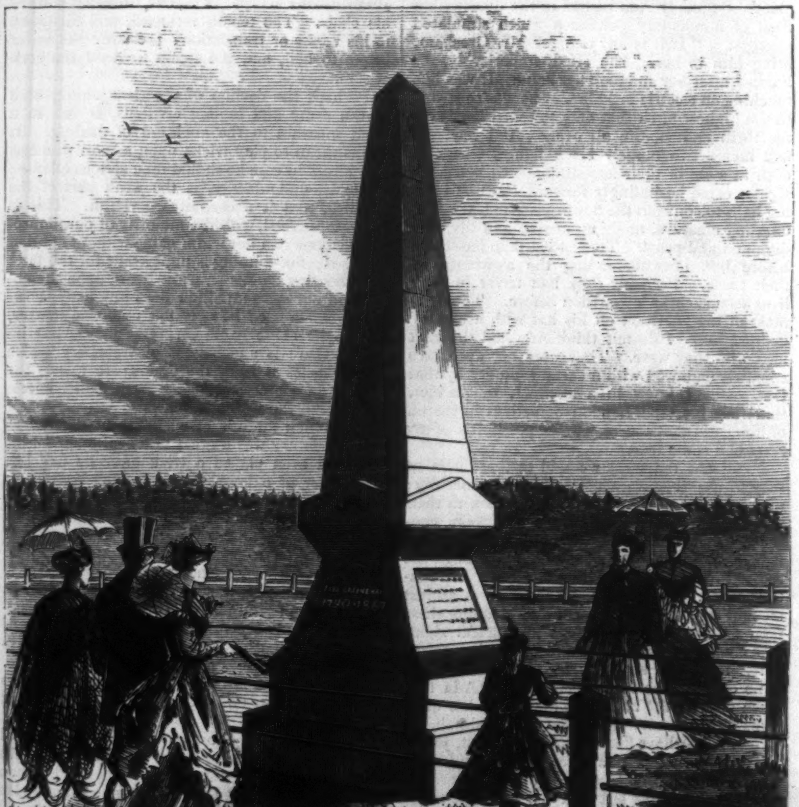
HALLECK'S MONUMENT.

The friends and admirers of the late **Fitz-Greene Halleck**, the poet, have erected an appropriate monument to his memory at Guilford, Connecticut, the home of his later years and his last resting-place, of which we give herewith an illustration from a sketch by W. S. **Knowles**. It is built of Rhode Island granite, and is seventeen feet high. Upon the front tablet is the simple inscription, in low relief, "**Fitz-Greene Halleck**, 1790–1867," and upon the cornice of the pedestal the following lines from his poem of "Marco Bozaris,"

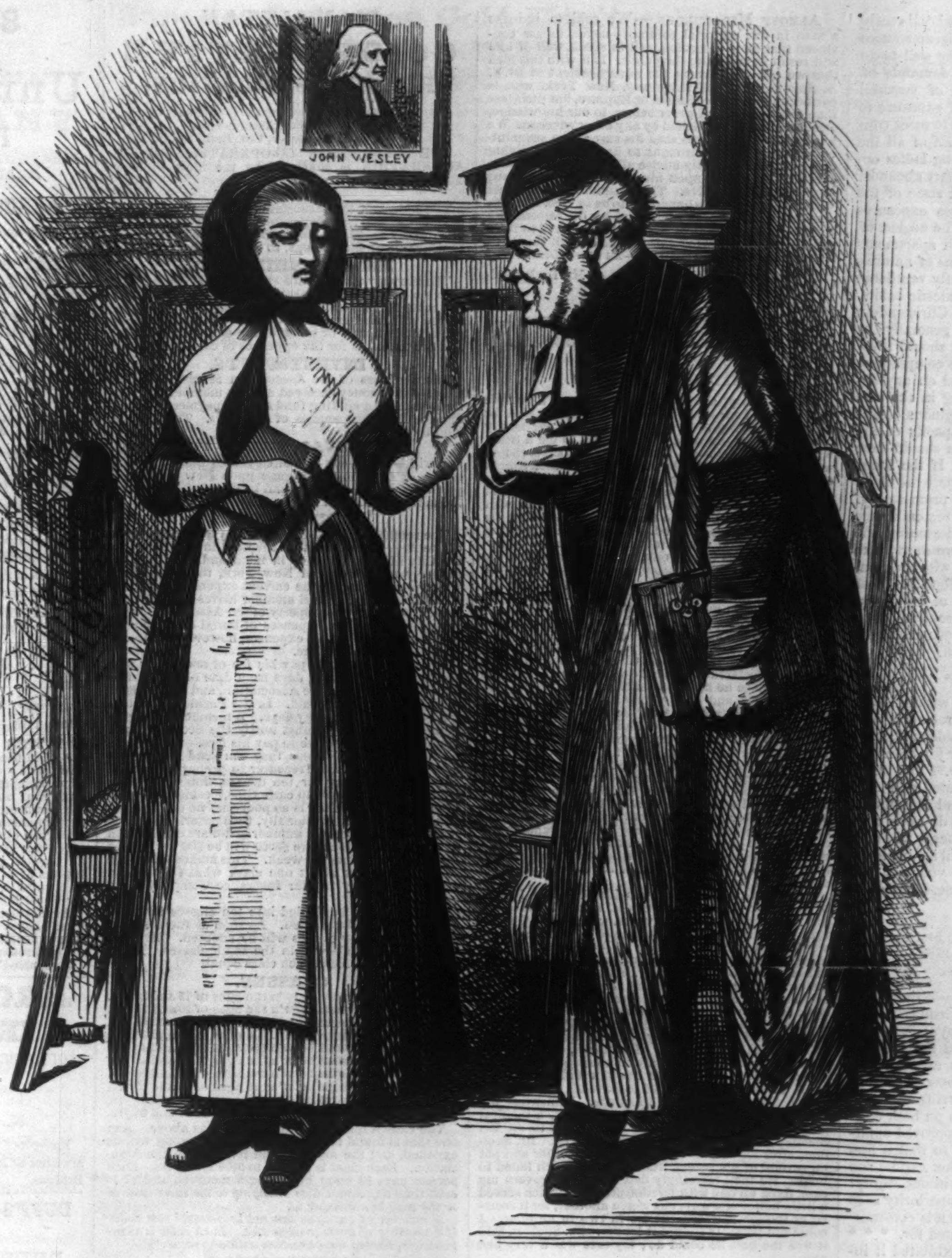
> "One of the few, the immortal names
> That were not born to die."

Upon the opposite tablet, in bass-relief, is a lyre supported by two burning torches. On the east end is this inscription, "**Nathaniel Halleck**, 1792–1793." On the west end are the words, "**Israel Halleck**, 1754–1829," "**Mary Elliott Halleck**, 1762–1819."

The monument occupies a conspicuous position on the main avenue of the Alderbrook Cemetery, or, as it is most generally called, the East Burial-Ground, at Guilford. The present predisposition of the American people to honor with monumental designs the memories of their great and good men, and to preserve, in like manner, the record of their noble and heroic achievements, is a gratifying proof of increased civilization. It indicates an improved art, taste, and, better still, increased reverence for wisdom and virtue.



MONUMENT TO FITZ-GREENE HALLECK AT GUILFORD, CONNECTICUT.



REJECTED ADDRESSES.

Doctor Pusey. "AND, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, IF I COULD INDUCE YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS TO LOOK KINDLY UPON MY PROPOSAL—"

Miss Methodist. "BUT YOU CAN'T, SIR. I DON'T WANT TO GO TO YOUR CHURCH AT ALL; AND IF I DID, I'M SURE I WOULDN'T GO WITH YOU."

["DR. PUSEY appeals for sympathy to the Wesleyan Conference. His sincerity and earnestness encountered a harsh rebuff."—*Times.*

GOV. R. K. SCOTT, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE first Governor of reconstructed South Carolina is General ROBERT KINGSTON SCOTT, whose portrait we give on this page.

Governor SCOTT was born in Armstrong County, Pennsylvania, July 8, 1826. His father was a soldier of 1812, and his grandfather served for "seven years or during the war" of Independence. He was educated in Ohio, graduating as an M.D. at Starling Medical College, Columbus, Ohio.

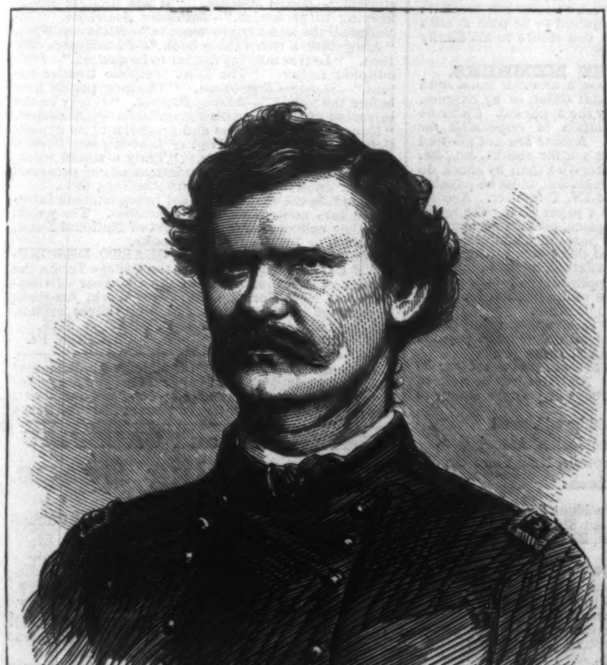
In 1850 he went by the overland route to California; but becoming disenchanted with life in the gold mines, he returned in 1852 to Ohio and settled in Henry County, where he resided up to the breaking out of the rebellion. He at once volunteered and labored assiduously in raising volunteers. He entered the army on the 1st of October, 1861, as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixty-Eighth Ohio Volunteer Infantry. Accompanying his regiment to the field he was engaged in the capture of Fort Donelson, the battle of Shiloh, and the siege of Corinth. He was commissioned Colonel of his regiment July 5, 1862. He commanded a brigade at Hatchie River, Tennessee, under General S. A. HURLBUT, who highly complimented him in his report of the action. He held the advance of General LOGAN'S Division on the march into Mississippi, and was engaged in the attack upon Port Gibson, the battles of Raymond, Jackson, and Champion Hills. His regiment was the first to throw up breast-works in front of Fort Hill, Vicksburg; and this position he maintained during the entire siege. Immediately after the fall of Vicksburg he was placed in command of the Second Brigade, Third Division, Seventeenth Army Corps, and held that command until it was mustered out of service July 10, 1865, at Louisville, Kentucky.

General SCOTT'S personal adventures during the war were of a remarkable character. In the first action after HOOD assumed command of the rebel forces before Atlanta, General SCOTT'S line was broken by an assault, and he was taken prisoner while endeavoring to rally his men. While he was with other prisoners *en route* for Macon, Georgia, he jumped from the cars at their full speed, escaped, and nearly succeeded in reaching our lines, having subsisted for seven days upon three crackers. But he was recaptured by *a party with blood-hounds.*

After making the rounds of various rebel prisons he was sent to Charleston, South Carolina, and incarcerated in the common jail, where he remained until September 24, 1864, when he was exchanged in a special cartel made between Generals SHERMAN and HOOD for prisoners taken by either side in front of Atlanta.

He immediately assumed the command of his former brigade, and was in the advance of General SHERMAN'S entire operations before Atlanta and in the "March to the Sea." He thus again visited South Carolina, in which in the course of three years he has been a prisoner, a victor, and a Governor.

Immediately after the muster out of his command he was ordered to proceed to his home in Ohio and report for orders to the War Department. While daily expecting an order mustering him out, he received instructions from General GRANT to report to Major-General O. O. HOWARD, Commissioner of Bureau of R. F. and A. L. for duty. He was assigned to duty as Assistant Commissioner of South Carolina, relieving General RUFUS SAXTON. He continued on this duty until his inauguration as Governor on July 8, 1868, having been the last Brigadier-General of Volunteers retained in the service.

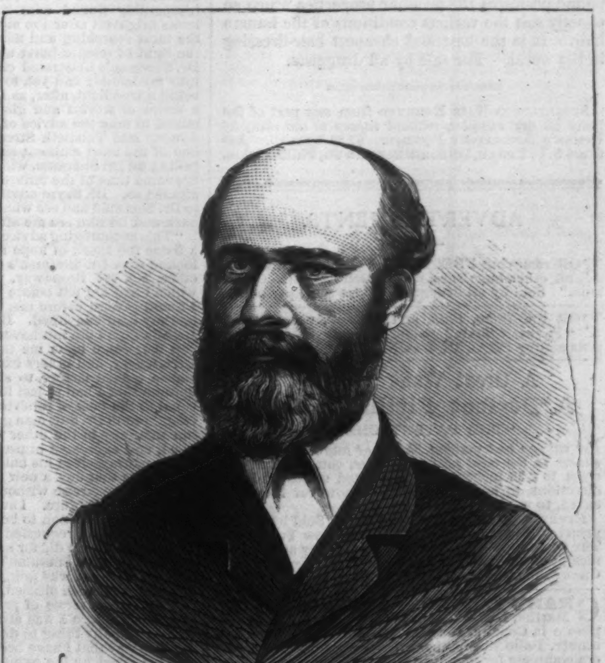


GENERAL R. K. SCOTT, GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY QUIMBY & CO., CHARLESTON, S. C.]

SENATOR F. A. SAWYER, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

HON. FREDERICK A. SAWYER, the newly-elected Senator from South Carolina, was born at Bolton, Worcester County, Massachusetts, in 1823. He graduated at Harvard College in 1844, and afterward taught school with great success in Boston, Lowell, and other places. He married a Miss DELIA GAY, of Nashua, New Hampshire. In 1859, when the State Normal school was established at Charleston, South Carolina, some of the most influential men of that State came North to select a teacher to place at its head. After considerable search Mr. SAWYER was chosen, accepted the position, and moved to Charleston with his family. He was very successful. As the war approached, being entirely Northern on that question, he desired to leave and come North, having excellent positions offered to him. But he yielded to the persuasions of friends of the new school system of the State, who represented to him that if he left the school would be broken up, and he remained at his post as a teacher. When the war was closing the Confederates permitted him and his family to be put aboard the fleet in the harbor and he came North. He delivered a good many addresses at the fall elections of that year at Republican meetings in Massachusetts, and as soon as the internal revenue system was established in South Carolina he was appointed Collector of United States revenue for the Charleston District, which position he held until his election as Senator.

He was the choice of the Legislature after one of the most bitter contests that ever took place in this State, defeating A. G. MACKEY, a native of the State and a prominent Union man. Every means possible were used to defeat a Northern man for the position. Northern residents of the State look upon the election of Mr. SAWYER as one of the greatest victories over prejudice that has occurred in the Southern country. It secures to the Senate a gentleman who will at all times be found advocating justice to all. He and General SCOTT, the Governor, whose portrait we also give on this page, are justly looked upon as true representative men of *new* South Carolina.



HON. FREDERICK A. SAWYER, SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE S. COOK, CHARLESTON, S. C.]

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

THIS disease is the scourge of the Northern and Eastern States beyond any other disease with which the people are familiar. One of the melancholy circumstances attending its insidious inroads into families almost every where is the fact that it fastens principally upon young persons who have just began to assume social responsibilities.

Because pulmonary consumption is common we lose sight of its painful devastations, mowing down as it does annually, both in town and country, a very large number of young men and women who had just arrived at an age to become important members of society. Besides an hereditary tendency to a disease of the air-tubes and the lungs themselves in some, there are very many cases, perhaps thousands every year, which are induced by violations of well-known laws of health. A large proportion of that class of sufferers who die early are females—not those in poor circumstances exclusively, but in the houses of the well-to-do and the opulent, where the stern demands of fashion oftener peril the standard of youthful health than in places where a life of exposure to all temperatures fortifies the system to meet contingencies. Probably more than half of all the deaths by consumption among young ladies occur in families in which every comfort abounds, and the development of a diseased state of the lungs is brought on by thoughtless exposures which might have been avoided. The neglect of suitable clothing and leaving heated apartments for intensely cold ones are violations of nature's requirements, and so is an imperfectly ventilated sleeping-room and irregularity in domestic habits.

All the medical philosophers in Christendom have failed to convince mothers generally, as they would like to, that little girls should invariably wear very loose dresses. No compression over the chest should be permitted on any account whatever, for fear of bending in the ribs while in a partially flexible cartilaginous condition, which would diminish the capacity of the interior where the breathing organs should have full space for growth and action. If the lungs can not sufficiently inflate to oxyginate the blood the individual will assuredly die prematurely. Let this sanitary truth be kept in remembrance by mothers. The only hope of lessening the yearly mortality of females who are martyrs to pulmonary consumption is to begin with the coming-on generation of little misses. Next, let those who have admonishing symptoms of inflammation, tubercles, or ulcerated lungs, caution others not to be so careless as they have been at the expense of that precious boon—health.

WITH Dyspeptics every thing is wrong. Food does not digest; sleep does not refresh; wine does not cheer; smiles do not gladden; music does not charm, nor can any other joy enter the breast of the miserable dyspeptic. You must get rid of it, or it will become seated and confirmed, and life will be a burden and existence a curse. PLANTATION BITTERS will do away with all this. New life, strength, and energy will take possession of you. The damask will again bloom upon your cheek, and the lustre in your eye will again be as bright as in your healthiest, happiest, and most joyous days.—*World.*

MAGNOLIA WATER.—Superior to the best imported German Cologne, and sold at half the price.

SPEAKING of the Novelty Clothes-Wringer exhibited at the late Fair of the American Institute, the New York *Liberal Christian* says:

"The Novelty Wringer received the marked approbation of the jury, and was awarded the highest premium. * * * It is now admitted that it has no equal as a family wringer. * * * It has the patent flange cog-wheels on both ends of the rolls, as well as the most approved appliances for adjusting the pressure, so that a fine lace collar or a heavy woolen blanket can be run through with equal facility and without injury. * * * Indeed, in all respects its superiority is so apparent that the high testimonials it is constantly receiving can be readily accounted for. * * * In fact, whenever and wherever exhibited it invariably secures the highest honors."

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BURNETT'S COCOAINE is a perfect hair-dressing for preserving and beautifying the hair, and rendering it dark and glossy. No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair. It is the best and cheapest hair-dressing in the world. For sale by all druggists.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED from any part of the body in *five minutes, without injury to the skin,* by UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER. $1 25 by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 115 South Seventh St., Philadelphia.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR removing FRECKLES, TAN, PIMPLES, and all other blemishes, use Phalon's "PAPHIAN LOTION." Sold by all druggists. Price $1 25 per bottle.

FOR the *Toilet, Bath,* and *Nursery,* use Phalon's "PAPHIAN SOAP." 25 cts. per cake. Sold by druggists and by PHALON & SON, 517 Broadway, N. Y.

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"THE PATENT CHART,"

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"Absurdly moderate in price, and perfectly satisfactory in shape."—*N. Y. Times* (June 29th).

Boosey & Co.'s new Catalogue of Cheap Musical Publications free. BOOSEY & CO., 644 Broadway.

20,000 SOLD.—MAGNETIC POCKET TIME-KEEPER AND COMPASS—handsome case, glass crystal, white enameled dial, steel and metal works, watch size; warranted to keep in order and denote correct time for two years. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sent securely by mail, postpaid, for only $1; three for $2. Address MAGNETIC WATCH CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

ALMOST MIRACULOUS.—We seldom indorse a man in our editorial columns—never, unless convinced that he is deserving, and to speak well of him will result in benefit to the public. It is with this idea that we call attention to the advertisement of Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, No. 697 Broadway, New York, who is performing cures for Hernia, or Rupture, but little less than miraculous, and never before, to our knowledge, attempted or accomplished by any other surgeon. We have with our own eyes seen his cures—are acquainted with men he has brought to health from a living death, and do earnestly advise all who are afflicted to consult with or call upon him. A more meritorious physician does not live. The communication in this week's DEMOCRAT was handed in to us by Geo. Hodges, a man whose life was saved and health restored by Dr. Sherman, as he gave abundant proof, and to it we call attention, knowing those afflicted will thank us if they seek relief and comfort.—*La Crosse Democrat.*

The following is the statement of Mr. Hodges alluded to in the above article:

TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS FROM RUPTURE, AND FINAL CURE OF GEORGE HODGES, Esq.

READ HIS STATEMENT.

"When a boy, about nine years of age, I became ruptured on both sides, and my parents, anxious for my welfare, sought the advice and aid of our family physician, who procured and adjusted to me a truss, which I wore for some time, under his supervision, without being benefited by it. My parents then sought elsewhere, but to no purpose, for one truss after the other seemed to increase my trouble. When about fifteen years of age it was my good fortune to visit London, where I hoped to find a suitable truss for my case, but there, too, I failed. I could obtain nothing I could wear that would retain it. The next opportunity I had was in this city, where I sought out the most celebrated *truss vendors,* among whom were the gentlemen to whom I shall hereafter allude, who, from a feeling of humanity, pride, or profit, exhausted all their abilities in my behalf, without any success.

"I tried Dr. Rigg's Hard Rubber Truss, which was painful, without answering the purpose.

"I applied to Dr. Gregory, No. 600 Broadway, who seemed to be quite alarmed when I showed him my case, and declared it to be the worst rupture that he had seen since he had been in New York, for the past twelve years; and after vainly trying on several of his 'White's Patent Trusses,' he gave me up, saying my case was a hopeless one, and if I didn't find some relief it would put me under ground in less than a year; that he could do nothing for me; wouldn't undertake to, and that if any body did, they would only take my money without doing me any good.

"I called on Dr. Pomeroy, No. 553 Broadway, who arranged and fitted on several of his patent trusses, with no better result. Notwithstanding he put on some with great pressure, they did not support my case, and he gave it up, remarking he did not think that I could find any thing to do me any good; my rupture was so bad, he did not see how I had managed to live so long with it.

"After this my attention was directed to Dr. Marsh, of the Astor House, Vesey Street, and I called to see him. He tried on various trusses, which proved a failure. He then decided that his $40 radical cure truss would do, but he would have to prepare one. I left his office feeling rather dubious, yet withal I returned in a day or two after, and Dr. Marsh went to work at me again as though he meant this time to conquer; but he soon dropped his courage, and with it my case, for his radical cure truss, though adjusted, readjusted, and adjusted again and again, was a failure; it could not retain my rupture, although it was applied with painful force. Dr. Marsh, on giving up my case, remarked, 'You are in a critical condition; it's a wonder your rupture has not killed you long ago.' I was again compelled to leave his office doubly disappointed and dejected in spirits. Lamenting my sad fate, yet not abandoning my efforts, a medical gentleman on whom I called advised me to see Dr. Sheldon, No. 710 Broadway, and I did so. Dr. Sheldon, after looking at my case, fixed together and put on several of his patent trusses, all of which failed to hold. He then seemingly determined to govern my case, fixed up one with terrible pressure, which served a little better one way, but worse another, for it seemed as though it would cut me in two in an hour. I could not possibly endure it longer. Dr. Sheldon said it was the best he could do; my case was a very bad one.

"Receiving a circular of the Elastic Truss Company, No. 474 Broadway, which promised a good deal, I called there to see the Superintendent, Dr. Dike, who went at my case, strapping me unbearably tight, without helping my rupture at all.

"Having my attention called to a notice of Dr. E. B. Foote, Lexington Avenue, corner of Twenty-eighth Street, I called to see him, but his attendant, finding my rupture so bad, would not undertake to do any thing for it. This was, indeed, disheartening, and almost forced me to the conclusion that my life was inseparably linked with misery. But, as the sun looks brightest after the most terrific storm, so, after the most searching and unsuccessful trials for relief, the light of science burst upon me brightest through Dr. Sherman's illustrated circular, which casually fell into my hands; and yet, to have the assurance of its being a true light, after, as I may say, having endured a series of storms and gloomy forebodings, I determined to take the advice of Dr. Sayre, corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirtieth Street, who I have heard was one of the most eminent surgeons of this city, before calling on Dr. Sherman, which I did, informing him at the same time of the failure of the persons heretofore alluded to. Dr. Sayre advised me by all means to go to Dr. Sherman and see what he could do, and to come back and let him see me after I got fixed.

"This encouraging advice from Dr. Sayre fanned into a flame the spark of hope kindled in me when I first looked over Dr. Sherman's circular, and I went to his office, No. 697 Broadway, with a step of buoyancy which I had not felt before for years. When I arrived I found several before me, but I waited my turn, and had my case examined. During the examination by Dr. Sherman I did not have the same feelings of dread and fear come upon me that I had when Dr. Marsh, Dr. Gregory, and others examined me, which circumstance tended farther to strengthen my faith in the opinion that I had at last fortunately found some one equal to the task of relieving me. Subsequent to the examination Dr. Sherman gave a more favorable opinion than any of the other parties to whom I had applied, and expressed himself in such sanguine terms that I put myself in his hands, and am now, and have been since that day, a new man, capable of taking the most active exercise without any inconvenience whatever from my rupture. I am now, practically, a sound man, and expect soon to be in point of fact.

"As Dr. Sayre requested me to call and let him see what Dr. Sherman did for me, I stepped in at his office, after proving Dr. Sherman's method a few days, to let him know that I was doing well. He examined me, and was very much pleased, expressing his satisfaction in very strong terms of praise, adding, 'When I first saw your rupture I was afraid that you would not be able to find any thing to do you any good.'

"The way that I have been treated since my rupture first appeared, by the numerous persons who have attempted to relieve me, in view of the relief that I have recently received from Dr. Sherman, forces me to the conclusion that it is not the incurability of rupture, but the bad treatment by injurious pressure the ruptured patient receives, which fastens to him this curse for life, or hurls him with the horrors of strangulated rupture to a premature grave.

"That the reader may more fully realize the horrible condition that I was in when I placed myself in the hands of Dr. Sherman, I would recommend him to see my photographs, taken by order of Dr. Sherman before and after treatment, which may be seen at his office.

"GEORGE HODGES,
"Thirtieth Street, near Sixth Avenue, New York."

MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION.

OFFICE MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION,
No. 658 BROADWAY, Cor. Bond St., N. Y.

THE MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION is chartered by the State of New York.

OBJECT.

The object of this Association is to secure a cash payment within forty days after the death of a member of as many dollars as there are members in the class to which he or she belongs, to his or her heirs.

MEMBERSHIP FEES.

The membership fees are six dollars at joining (for which a policy will be furnished), and one dollar and ten cents on the death of each member, of which due notice will be given. One dollar from each member goes to the widow or heirs of the deceased member, and the ten cents for the expenses of collecting.

INVESTMENTS.

The By-Laws of the Association require that one third of the money received as new membership fees shall be made a sinking fund to meet payments falling due by the delinquencies of members. This fund is held by the

NATIONAL TRUST CO.,

and will be invested in United States Bonds, or real estate, or bond and mortgage upon New York City property, which property shall be double the value of the money so loaned.

THE FUNDS.

The remaining two thirds, after paying the expenses of the Association, shall be invested in real estate in the City of New York, or in bond and mortgage on property in the City of New York, the interest of which shall go to pay the current expenses of the Association. If a deceased member leaves no heirs, the money becomes the property of the Association, with the proviso that the expenses of burial shall be paid out of such funds—said expenses, however, not to exceed one hundred dollars.

A member failing to pay his fee of one dollar and ten cents within thirty days from date of notice, forfeits all claims upon the Association, and also forfeits all money previously paid. In the Pacific States this time is extended to sixty days. A member having no permanent residence must notify the Secretary, and appoint a representative to pay his fees.

When members choose they can send ten dollars and fifty cents to the Treasurer to prepay their fees, which sum will pay for ten deaths, thus saving the trouble of sending $1 10 each time, besides a saving of fifty cents. No man is so poor that he can not pay $6 now, and $1 10 occasionally, thus securing $5000 to his heirs. The average number of dollars each person will have to pay to secure $5000 will be $30 per year, a little over fifty cents per week. This makes this mode of insurance cost about one sixth what they would have to pay any regular Insurance Company for a $5000 policy.

This company is divided into ten classes for men, and ten classes for women. As soon as these classes are filled ten new classes will be adopted. Men and women are not allowed in the same classes. Every thing is done to make each class equal.

CLASSES.

In class A all persons betw'n the ages of 15 and 20 yrs.
In class B all persons betw'n the ages of 20 and 25 yrs.
In class C all persons betw'n the ages of 25 and 30 yrs.
In class D all persons betw'n the ages of 30 and 35 yrs.
In class E all persons betw'n the ages of 35 and 40 yrs.
In class F all persons betw'n the ages of 40 and 45 yrs.
In class G all persons betw'n the ages of 45 and 50 yrs.
In class H all persons betw'n the ages of 50 and 55 yrs.
In class I all persons betw'n the ages of 55 and 60 yrs.
In class K all persons betw'n the ages of 60 and 65 yrs.

The classes for women are the same as above. Any one that is found to give his or her age wrong will be expelled, and the moneys paid forfeited to the Association. Each class is limited to 5000 members. Each person pays $6 upon becoming a member, and $1 10 each time a member dies *belonging to the same class he or she may be a member of.*

A member of one class can not be assessed this dollar if a member of another class dies. Each class is INDEPENDENT, *having no connection with any other.*

ILLUSTRATION.

Class "A" has 5000 male members. A man dies. The Association pays over, within forty days, $5000 to the widow or heirs, and the remaining members forward, within thirty days, $1 10 each to the Association to reimburse it. Failing to send this sum, they forfeit to the Association all moneys paid, and the Association supplies a new member to fill the place of the retiring one.

ADVANTAGES.

The advantages of this Association over ordinary Life Insurance Companies are, no panics can break it; the fees are so small, and required to be paid at such long intervals, that any man can secure to his family a competency upon his death.

HOW TO BECOME MEMBERS.

Any one desiring to become a member must send $6, in check, bank draft, postal order, or by express, the expressage being paid by the applicant. *Under no circumstance will the Association be responsible for moneys sent but in this way.* Agents are not allowed to receive moneys, but must ask for checks, &c., &c. Persons paying an agent otherwise than by check do it at their own risk. All checks, &c., must be payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer. Accompanying the money must be a paper giving the applicant's full name, age, birth-place, present occupation, who the policy is in favor of, post-office address, town, county, state—*also, a Medical Certificate,* setting forth the physical condition, and whether, in the opinion of the doctor examining, the applicant is a proper person to be insured. Blank forms of application for membership will be sent upon application.

Agents are not allowed to receive money but in the form of a check, draft, or postal order, made payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer.

Each member ought to try to make new members; by so doing he benefits himself. No letter will be noticed that does not contain a three-cent postage stamp to prepay return postage.

All communications should be addressed

Manhattan Co-operative Relief Association,
No. 658 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

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ELSON T. WRIGHT, President Star Metal Co.
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H. W. FORD, the Cashier, Bank of the Republic.
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Officers:

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ELSON T. WRIGHT, Vice-President.
W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer.
LEWIS SANDERS, Secretary.
JOHN A. ROBINSON, M.D., } Examining
ALEX. R. GRAY, M.D., } Physicians.

Messrs. Latham, Emery, & Co., 72 Cedar Street, New York City, General Agents for New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and District of Columbia.

N. B.—Parties paying agents in money do so at their own risk. The Association will not be responsible for money so paid.

A General Agent wanted for each State and Territory. General Agents will be required to give the best of references, and $50,000 bonds.

Agents wanted in every Town in the United States and Canadas.

A physician will be in attendance at the office of the Company—also at the office of each General Agent—to examine applicants.

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SIX PER CENT. IN GOLD,

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A PAMPHLET AND MAP for 1868, showing the Progress of the Work, Resources for Construction, and Value of Bonds, may be obtained at the Company's Offices, or of its advertised Agents, or will be sent free by mail on application.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer, New York.
SEPT. 14, 1868.

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[From the City Item, Philadelphia.]

The Oroide Watches.—A new metal, closely resembling gold, has been invented, of which watch-cases and watch-chains are made. C. E. Collins & Co., New York, are the manufacturers, and their advertisement will be found in another column. The Oroide Watches are in great demand. From all quarters of the Union, daily, hourly, come orders for one, two, ten, twenty, fifty, and one hundred watches. They are sold for only $15 each, and better time-keepers are not to be found. One of them has been going for a week in this office, and it is perfect in its movements. It looks as handsome, and keeps as good time as a watch costing $150. We advise all who are about to buy a watch to try the Oroide.

[From the La Crosse Republican.]

Oroide Watches.—Out of curiosity, we called when in New York at the Watch Manufactory of Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co., on Nassau Street, and confess our astonishment on being shown their assortment of watches. The cases made of this metal so closely resemble eighteen carat gold that we were puzzled to select a gold one placed amongst them. We should have no hesitation wearing one with full confidence that time would not change its appearance. Every watch is warranted, and the works are perfectly reliable and in all respects equal to a watch costing $150. We have no doubt that when once known in this section, many will be sent for.

[From the Liberal Christian.]

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co., of 37 and 39 Nassau St., are still further improving their beautiful Oroide Watches. These are excellent time-keepers, and for all practical purposes as good as a fine gold hunting-case watch.

[From the New York Independent.]

Our readers have probably observed in our paper the advertisement of C. E. Collins & Co.'s Oroide Watches. These gentlemen are manufacturing a watch which they claim to have good time-keeping qualities, and in a case which is ornamental and durable, an almost exact imitation of gold. We have tried one of the watches, and find it a good time-keeper when well regulated. There are a great many persons in all classes of society who can not afford to pay a price of $40 or $60 for a first-class silver watch, nor $125 to $175 for a gold one, yet would like a handsome-looking watch, keeping fair time. The Oroide Watch appears to suit their case exactly.

Citizens of Toronto and the Dominion generally, take notice. We have hundreds of Testimonials, for which, see our advertisements. But you need no further evidence than the following, from one who is well known among you. Here is his proof positive—

Harry Hazleton, the well-known author, says:

"I have always looked upon cheap watches as humbugs and dealers in them as little better than swindlers. At the request of a friend, I have worn for three months the watch he purchased of C. E. Collins, and for which he paid $15. It keeps accurate time, retains its perfect golden appearance, and I can really see no difference between it and my own, which cost five times the amount of the Collins Watch."

Mr. Hazleton adds:

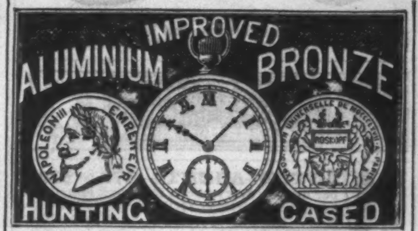
"I have since purchased FIVE of these watches, at the request of friends, and those for whom they were intended are perfectly satisfied. Others are seeking for them, and I fancy that Mr. C. will find some difficulty in supplying the constantly-increasing demand."

☞ The regular price of the watch is $15, and others costing $20. These are superbly finished, and really superior to any article placed upon the market costing five times that sum.

Office State Capital Reporter, 42 and 44 J Street, Sacramento, Cal., July 15, 1868.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.:

Gentlemen: Wells, Fargo & Co. delivered Watch and Chain, as per order; paid bill on presentation. The Watch and Chain give entire satisfaction, and several of my friends wish the same quality of watch and chain. One is the chief editor of this paper, and two others are the publishers of this paper, and the others are for friends of mine, and by wearing your goods will make you a large sale in this city. I therefore wish you to send me seven watches and seven chains, of same quality as those you sent me, price paid you $15 for watch, and $6 currency for chain. I return you the guarantee; it may assist you in ascertaining the exact kind of goods sent me; the number of the watch sent is 66,982. If this order sent turns out as satisfactory as the first, we will give you a good editorial notice, and help you along as far as practicable. I send this order not for my benefit, but for yours and to accommodate my friends. Send to E. K. Phipps, Office of "State Capital Reporter," Sacramento, California. Yours respectfully, E. K. Phipps.



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Further details will be found in my pamphlet, which will be sent postpaid on demand.

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